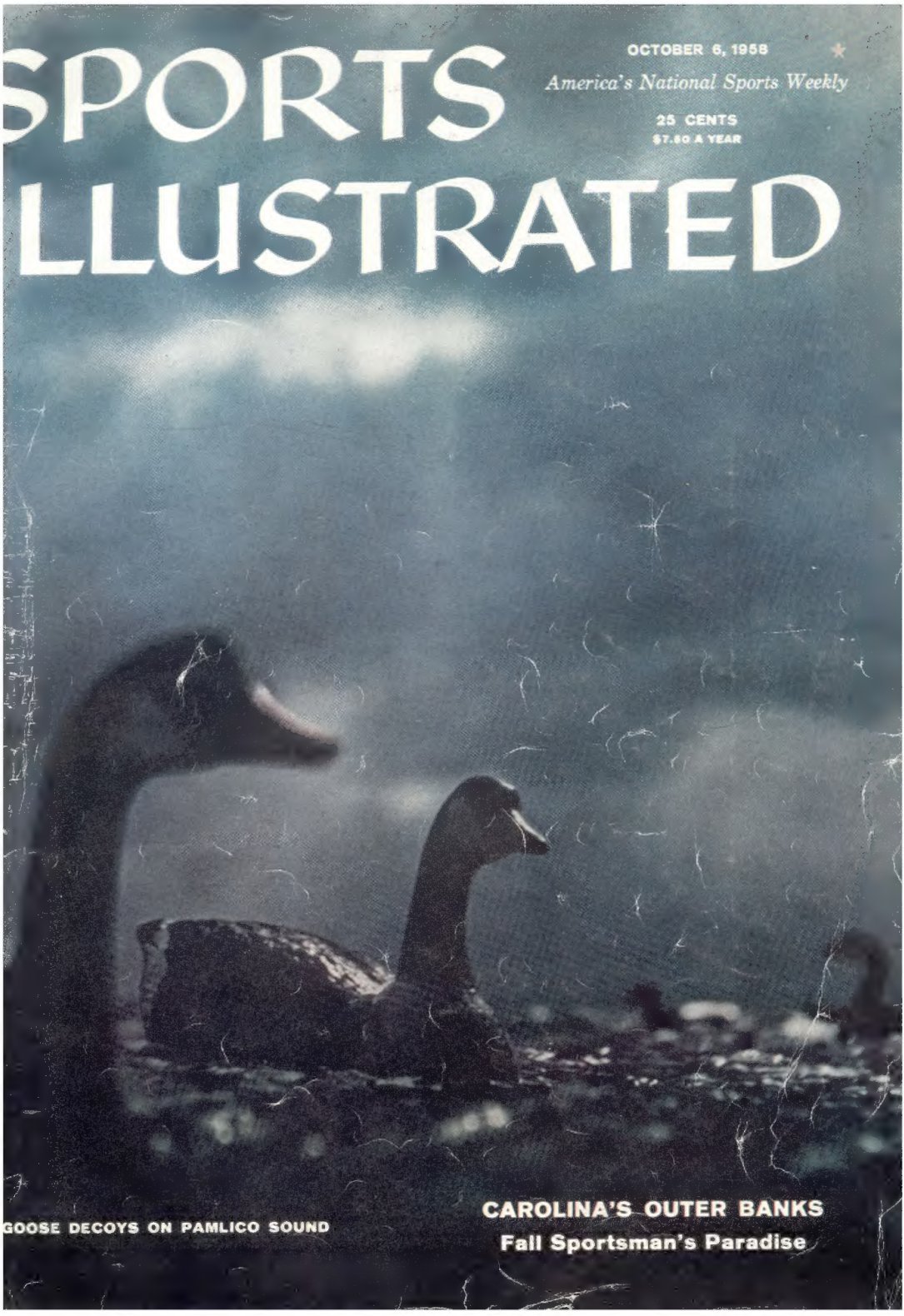
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OCTOBER 6, 1958
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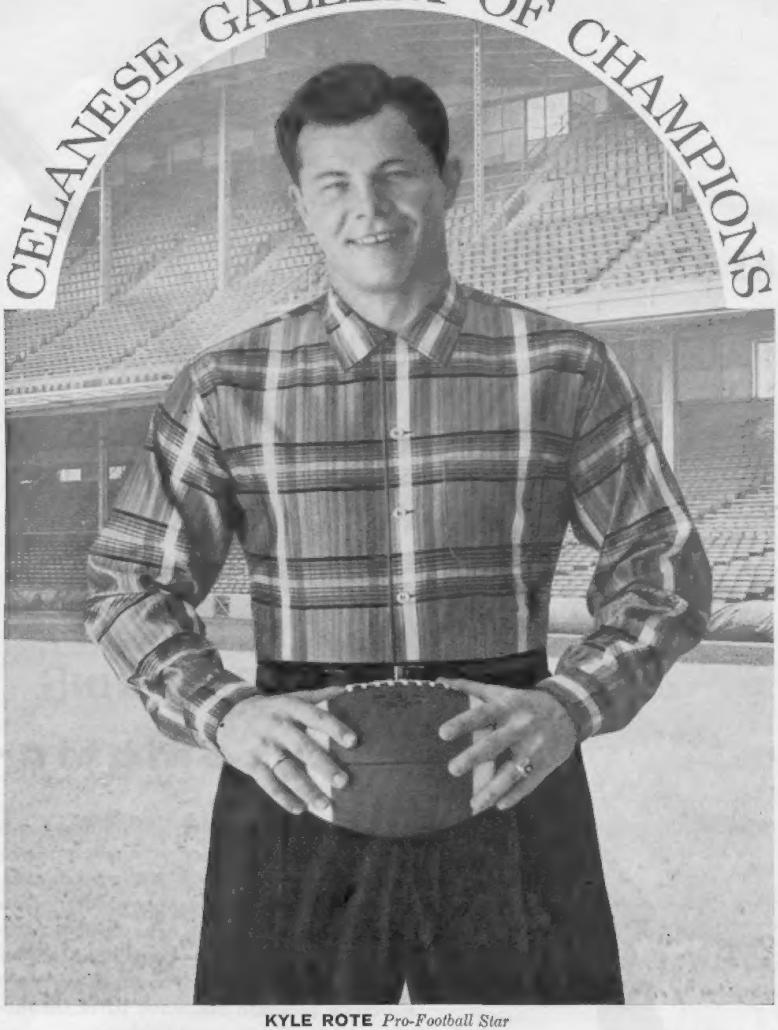

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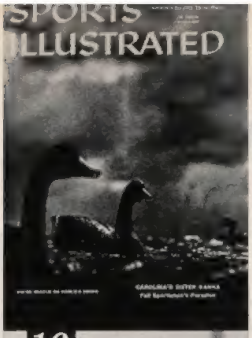
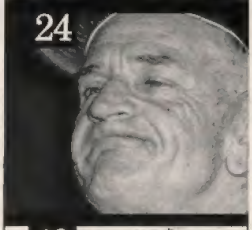
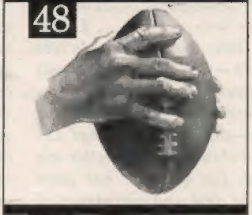


Cover: Goose decoys ▶

The lifelike imitations on this week's cover ride the bountiful but often stormy waters near Cape Hatteras. A full report on this sportsman's treasure house begins on page 70.

Photograph by Richard Meek





Next week

▶ A de-emphasized big-time football coach tells just what it takes to recruit and build a winner, in a fictional (but factual) conversation piece written by Gerald Holland.

▶ The World Series, reported by Robert Creamer and the baseball staff. Words and action photographs will focus on key players and significant happenings in each game.

▶ With two world championships scheduled this fall, golf is entering a new period of internationalism. A global report on the new era is offered by Herbert Warren Wind.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

READER Philip Murphy of Chicago writes: "I think you may be interested in this comment by Walt Whitman from the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in 1846."

In our sun-down perambulations, of late . . . we have observed several parties of youngsters playing "base," a certain game of ball. We wish such sights were more common among us. In the practice of athletic and manly sports the young men of nearly all our American cities are very deficient—perhaps more so than those of any other country that could be mentioned. Clerks are shut up from early morning until 9 or 10 o'clock at night—apprentices, after their day's work, either go to bed or lounge about in places where they benefit neither body or mind—and all classes seem to act as though there were no commendable objects of pursuit in the world except making money, and tenaciously sticking to one's trade or occupation. . . . Let us enjoy life a little. Has God made this beautiful earth—the sun to shine—all the sweet influences of nature to operate—and planted in man a wish for their delights—and all for nothing? Let us go forth awhile, and get better air in our lungs. Let us leave our close rooms, and the dust and corruption of stagnant places, and taste some of the good things Providence has scattered around us so liberally.

We would that all the young fellows about Brooklyn were daily in the habit of spending an hour or two in some outdoor game or recreation. The body and mind would both be benefitted by it. There would be fewer attenuated forms and shrunken limbs and pallid faces in our streets. The game of ball is glorious—that of quoits is invigorating—so are leaping, running, wrestling, etc., etc. To any person having the least knowledge of physiology, it were superfluous to enter into any argument to prove the use and benefit of exercise. We have far too little of it in this country. . . . Both women and men, particularly the younger ones, should be careful to pass no day of their lives without a portion of outdoor exercise.

WALT WHITMAN

Although "base," as played this week in Milwaukee and New York, may have changed a bit, and a few other things, too, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED still finds it easy to endorse the great poet's 112-year-old words.

Harry Phillips

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HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Do you think you ought to have the right to pick the pro team you would like to play with?*

MIKE SOMMER
George Washington University halfback
Washington Redskins

Yes. In my case I was drafted by the Washington Redskins—which suited me. However, the draft definitely ruins a college star's bargaining potential. He's left only the Canadian league to deal with. I might have considered going there.

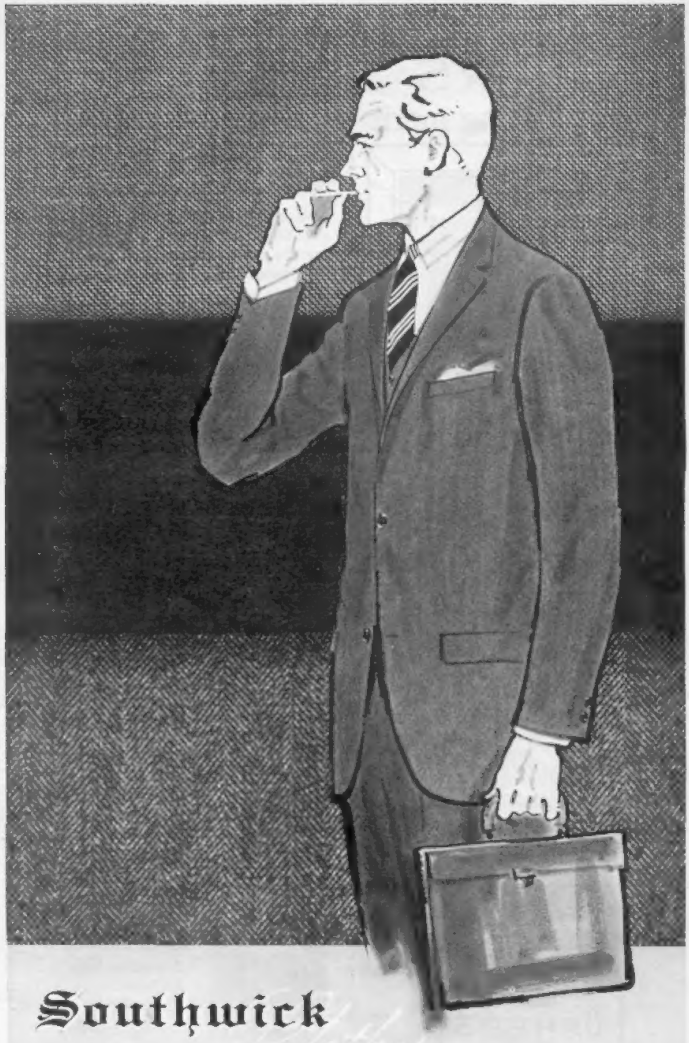
JIM GIBBONS
University of Iowa end
Cleveland Browns

The college player should be given some choice. Many of us have favorite teams. A sensible compromise, fair to both sides, should be possible. I got a great break being drafted by the team of my choice, the Cleveland Browns.

WAYNE WALKER
University of Idaho center
Detroit Lions

The draft is ideal for the league, but not fair to the player. We do get telegrams asking if we'd be willing to play with a certain team if drafted. That's when you have a chance to discourage them if you want to play elsewhere.

continued



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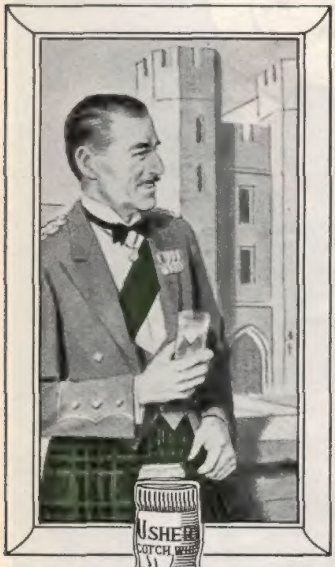

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HOTBOX *continued*

BOBBY GORDON
University of Tennessee
halfback
Chicago Cardinals

The draft is more than unfair, it's unconstitutional, the totalitarian way. Abolishing the draft wouldn't hurt pro football. For instance, no good college halfback is going to pick a team jammed with halfbacks. He'll go where he'll make the team.

JIM PHILLIPS
Auburn end
Los Angeles Rams

The draft isn't fair to the player, but that's the only way pro football can survive. However, if a player is dissatisfied, he won't be much good to a club. I am sure the coaches in the pro league realize this.

BILLY ATKINS
Auburn fullback
San Francisco 49ers

Although I am content, I think that the college graduate should be allowed a preference. Some clubs pay more money than others. The draft may be necessary to balance the pro league, but it destroys a player's bargaining potential.

JOHN SAMPLE
Maryland State
halfback
Baltimore Colts

No. The draft is fair and it is good for professional football. It is mainly responsible for leveling off and keeping the clubs reasonably on a par. Suppose we did have our choice, where would we all want to go? To the rich clubs, of course.

JOE NICELY
West Virginia guard
Baltimore Colts

Some persons, including the three coaches who questioned the ethics of the draft before the Senate antimonopoly subcommittee, think we should, but I think the draft is fair. Without it "football Yankees" would dominate the pros.

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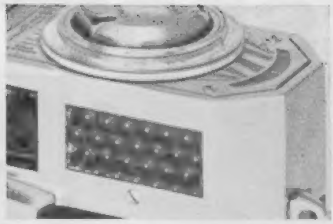

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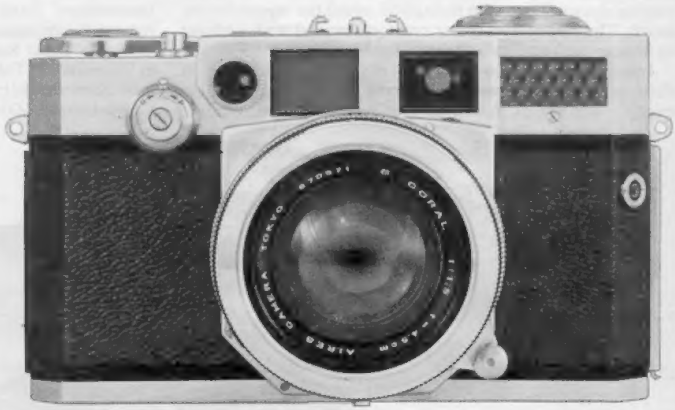

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FOOTBALL'S 2ND WEEK

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THE EAST

Coach Earl Blaik, a longtime apostle of the simple T with standard variations, unveiled a new, explosive wing T featuring an unbalanced line and a lonesome end stationed some 15 yards away from his teammates in Michie Stadium. With Rookie Quarterback Joe Caldwell directing the show and employing All-America Halfback Bob Anderson as a passer (5 for 5 and two touchdowns), **Army** razzle-dazzled dazed **South Carolina** as Halfback Pete Dawkins (*see below*) romped for four touchdowns in a 45-8 victory.

Pitt, its interior line hitting hard while the ends shackled **Holy Cross**'s talented Tom Greene, moved out in front on Ivan Toncic's short pass to Art Gob, added an 11-yard field goal by Norton Seaman and a 20-yard dash by Sophomore Chuck Reinhold to win 17-0.

BACK OF THE WEEK: Army's Pete Dawkins slithered through mud for 113 yards and two touchdowns, added two more on passes to help beat South Carolina 45-8.

Whitey Reimer, an unknown junior halfback who "was not good enough to play before," picked **Syracuse** up off the muddy turf in the second half, scored twice to help overhaul **Boston College** 24-14.

The Big Three had one of their most miserable opening days in many a year. **Princeton** was unable to contain Billy Austin, talented **Rutgers** halfback who had a hand in all four touchdowns, and lost 28-0, while **Harvard** found itself a 6-3 upset victim after **Buffalo**'s hustling Nick Bottini blocked a punt and recovered in the end zone. Only **Yale** managed to escape and then by just the barest of margins as Herb Hallas' 79-yard sprint and Art LaVallie's two-point conversion edged **Connecticut** 8-6.

In other games, **Navy** showed little originality, confined its offense to straight bucks to beat **William and Mary** 14-0; **Penn State** bounced back to defeat **Penn** 43-0; **Cornell** scored over **Colgate**. The top three:

1. PITT (2-0)
2. ARMY (1-0)
3. SYRACUSE (1-0)

THE SOUTH

Wisconsin's big and hard-hitting inner line gave Quarterbacks Dale Hackbart and Sid Williams plenty of time to pick out their receivers while the lurking ends (*see right*) and cornerbacks smothered **Miami** Quarterback Fran Curci's bread-and-butter option plays to set the stage for a 20-0 Badger triumph in the broiling heat of the Orange Bowl. Wisconsin found Miami vulnerable to the middle-length pass in the first half and exploited the weakness fully before Hackbart twice sneaked across from the one-yard line.

Auburn, as big, fast and awesome as ever on defense, waited until the second half to warm up offensively in the NCAA's NBC-TV game at Birmingham. Gifted Quarterback Lloyd Nix teamed up with Halfback Tommy Lorino on a series of pitchouts, moved his backs inside and outside to beat **Tennessee** 13-0, leaving little doubt that the Tigers are well-prepared to defend their last-season AP ranking as the nation's best.

Mississippi greedily latched on to every break, manhandling **Kentucky** 27-6 to remain the No. 1 contender for the Southeastern Conference title. Ole Miss showed good team speed, a top-drawer runner in Kent Lovelace and a rugged defense when it was most needed.

Clemson and **North Carolina** tossed defense to the winds, put on a give-and-take offensive show before hometown Clemson won 26-21 in a blistering 93°. Clemson finally pulled out in front to stay on Halfback George Usry's second touchdown in the last quarter to give Coach Frank Howard his 100th victory, all the sweeter because it was scored at the expense of NC's Jim Tatum.

Whomped by Wake Forest, **Maryland** snapped back energetically and firmly to defeat **North Carolina State** 21-6. Halfback John Forbes (*see page 60*), who plunged over from the four in the first quarter, added the insurance touchdown when he grabbed a screen pass from Quarterback Dickie Lewis and sprinted 71 yards despite the loss of one low-cut shoe on the way.

In other games, **Georgia Tech** had some anxious moments before getting down to business in the second half to beat **Florida State** 17-3; **Texas** matched **Tulane**'s passes with power to win 21-20; **Mississippi State** came from behind to creep past **Florida** 14-7; **Virginia** took to the air early and often to stand off **Duke** 15-12; **LSU**'s Warren Rabb and Billy Cannon were just too much for hopeful **Alabama** as the Bengals won 13-3 at Mobile; **Wake Forest** defeated **Virginia Tech** 13-6. The top three:

1. AUBURN (1-0)
2. CLEMSON (2-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI (2-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

While the big fellows in the Southwest Conference were off cementing intersectional relations, **Baylor** remained at home to beat **Hardin-Simmons** 14-7; **Texas A&M** bowed to **Houston** 39-7; **Arkansas** lost to **Tulsa** 27-14.

Other results: **Texas Tech** overwhelmed **West Texas State** 32-7; **Iowa State** turned two pass interceptions into a 14-0 win over **Arizona**. The top three:

1. TCU (1-1)
2. TEXAS (2-0)
3. SMU (0-1)

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Wisconsin's big and able end, Dave Kocourek, spent a pleasant evening in Miami's backfield, was the busiest tackler on field as team won.

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten, perennial home of hard-hitting powerhouses, sat up and performed for the visiting firemen last week, treating invaders like so many unwelcome relations as Ohio State, Michigan State, Iowa, Michigan and even Northwestern made hometown stadiums rumble with cheers.

Ohio State's ground-huggers continued to rely on the attack they know best, but strangely enough it was the pass (for two extra points) that brought them a 23-20 victory over surprisingly stout and deep **SMU**. Big SMU Quarterback Don Meredith nearly passed the Buckeyes dizzy with 19 for 28 and 213 yards, but couldn't hit the big ones.

Coach Duffy Daugherty used his regulars sparingly, taking the opportunity to get a long, satisfying look at his many

continued

TIME–IN THE DEPTHS...

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English FORD Line

talented hands as **Michigan State** ran up 502 yards and rumbled over and through **California** 33–12.

Michigan suffered briefly while **USC** pondered its conversion strategy after almost catching up 20-19 in the last quarter, but the jittery Trojans twice incurred penalties, then switched signals and failed to make the winning points on a completed pass. Michigan's burly fullback, John Herrnstein, finally had his day, scoring twice, setting up a third touchdown and bulling for 144 yards.

Iowa's untested line proved its worth, holding **TCU** to a mere 87 yards as the Hawkeyes won 17–0. Quarterback Randy Duncan provided the aerial arm and Bob Jeter the ground effects. Jeter left 54,500 fans gasping when he broke away at the TCU 39, dropped the ball on the 12, grabbed it on the first bounce and stumbled to Iowa's first touchdown.

But it was left to **Northwestern**, winless last year, to provide the day's biggest upset. The Wildcats, led by Halfback Ron Burton, who scored twice, rose up to smite favored **Washington State** 29–28, then carried Coach Ara Parseghian, unaccustomed to such lofty heights, off the field on their shoulders.

Illinois and **Indiana** did not fare so well. The Illini showed an amazing reluctance to hang on to the ball, fumbling away an 18–14 decision to **UCLA**, whose Phil Parslow returned a deflected pass 98 yards for a touchdown and later recovered a bobble to set up the winning score. Indiana gave **Notre Dame** a few bad moments, but the sputtering Irish attack finally got moving to win 18–0.

Oklahoma, operating from a weird and wonderful assortment of formations with chronometerlike precision, completely humbled game **West Virginia** 47–14. Putting aside their ball-control game, the

continued

2ND WEEK LEADERS

(*NCAA statistics*)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Calvin Bird, Kentucky	5	2	0	32
Gail Cogdill, Wash. St.	4	2	0	26
Pete Dawkins, Army	*4*	*0*	*0*	*24*
Bob Harden, Iowa State	4	0	0	24

RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.
Dick Bass, COP	41	427	10.4
Bobby Cravens, Kentucky	31	208	6.7
Bobby Renn, Fla. St.	22	198	4.5

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS.	TD
Reece Whitley, Virginia	52	25	.481	343	2
Bob Newman, Wash.St.	36	24	.667	287	4
Dick Norman, Stanford	40	24	.600	176	1

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.
Dick Bass, COP	427	52	479
Reece Whitley, Virginia	80	343	423
Lowell Hughes, Kentucky	42	323	365

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Oklahoma	91	599	599.0
Army	80	529	529.0
Michigan St.	81	502	502.0

TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Auburn	39	−30	−30.0
Cornell	45	88	88.0
Purdue	38	92	92.0

How to chill a martini without dampening its spirit

Despite the seeming absurdity—a martini, it should be remembered, is a cocktail and not a lemon squash. It should be chilled, but *quickly*, not left to perish under an ice floe.

To refrigerate a martini properly: A. chill the glasses (not a must, but a master stroke). B. introduce ice cubes generously. C. pour in the gin. Not just any gin, mind you, but that magnificent gesture known as *Seagram's*.

You see, after an eon of the status quo in gin-making, Seagram's new method has improved this spirit to the ultimate degree.

What this improvement does for the martini makes this noble cocktail glad it was born. Never before has the crisp, brittle, extra dryness of 94 proof gin been combined with such smooth, sublime affability.

Next time you make a round of martinis, use Seagram's Gin for a dune-dry flavor and an inner exuberance that weathers an icy chill like a penguin. Let Seagram's secret be your pleasure. Skoal!

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The result: a spread so delicate, so tempting that lady guests mute their gabble as it passes.

First, the livers of young chickens, impeccable in conduct, were mixed with herbs and spices.

To this aromatic spread we added water chestnuts, tiny trusting immigrants from the Orient.

These gave off a delicate flowery bouquet which, admixed with the chicken livers, forms the most tantalizing canapé on earth.

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P. S. *Should your department store or specialty shop not carry Gourmet Foods as yet, write us and complain. We'll tell you "where" by return post.*

GENERAL FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

Sooners stabbed quickly and assuredly from the conventional and split-T, moved their ends in close and split wide, flanked their halfbacks to either side and made use of a widely unbalanced line as they threw the ball frequently and accurately. Quarterbacks Dave Baker and Bobby Boyd (*see below*) were two of Oklahoma's sleekest operators, helping to confirm the rumor that Bud Wilkinson has another amazing ball club.

In other games, **Purdue** crushed ***Nebraska*** *28–0;* ***Air Force*** *beat* ***Detroit*** 37 6. The top three:

1. **OKLAHOMA (1-0)**
2. **OHIO STATE (1-0)**
3. **MICHIGAN STATE (1-0)**

THE WEST

"A total mismatch. Arizona State will beat us by 100 points. I have scheduled a bye next week to allow the blood to coagulate," moaned College of Pacific's Coach Jack Myers. But COP's fabulous Dick Bass apparently wasn't listening. Pounding the line like a fullback and slicing inside and outside the ends like a wraith for 212 yards, Bass led **COP** to a 34–16 victory over **Arizona State.**

NEW FACES OF THE WEEK, Virginia's fullback, Johnny Barger (*left*), overran whole Duke line on way to winning score; Oklahoma's Bobby Boyd (*right*) spelled regular Quarterback Dave Baker, completed 5 of 9 passes, two for touchdowns.

Washington, strictly a plodder, reversed strategy to come out throwing, made it pay off with 24–21 win over **Minnesota** on Sophomore Halfback George Fleming's 16-yard field goal at the end of the first half. In other games, **Oregon State** perked up just enough to defeat **Kansas** 12–0; **Stanford** lost another to **Rice** 30–7.

More than three decades of frustration came to an end when **Brigham Young,** never a winner over **Utah,** clicked on a 36-yard pass from Wayne Startin to R. K. Brown in the closing minutes to down the Utes 14–7 in the Skyline Conference. **Wyoming,** which must still test BYU and Utah, beat **Montana** 21–14.

Highly touted **Colorado** started off strong against **Kansas State,** tailed off some, but still managed to win 13–3. The top three:

1. **COLLEGE OF PACIFIC (2-0)**
2. **WASHINGTON STATE (1-1)**
3. **OREGON STATE (1-1)**

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

ARMY VS. PENN STATE

Army, already richly endowed with Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins, has modernized its attack, and Penn State isn't deep enough to test the tricky Cadets. ARMY.

MARYLAND VS. CLEMSON

Big, strong Clemson may suffer a letdown after a close one with North Carolina. Maryland has one of college football's greatest keeper men in Quarterback Bob Ruseviyan, but I'll take CLEMSON.

TCU VS. ARKANSAS

Despite a weakness on the ground against Iowa, TCU is still the best in the Southwest and will have no trouble with Arkansas. TCU.

MICHIGAN STATE VS. MICHIGAN

Greater depth, a fine multiple offense and brilliant sophomores give Michigan State the edge over a Michigan team which can move the ball and make few mistakes. MICHIGAN STATE.

MINNESOTA VS. PITT

A tough one to pick. Pitt has come up with good passing to go with a hard-charging line. Minnesota is hurting for backs. PITT.

OHIO STATE VS. WASHINGTON

Ohio State had a scare last week, but its ground game, the most ferocious in the nation, should hold off Washington. OHIO STATE.

SMU VS. NOTRE DAME

Don Meredith is an accomplished passer, but the guess here is that Notre Dame will defense the SMU running attack and pack too many offensive guns of its own. NOTRE DAME.

OKLAHOMA VS. OREGON

Oklahoma, with a new and varied offense featuring lots of wide-open stuff, is off to another rousing start and should breeze past Oregon. OKLAHOMA.

CALIFORNIA VS. WASHINGTON ST.

Both teams have good offenses but are weak defensively. No pick here because I'll be working this NCAA telecast game on NBC-TV.

OREGON STATE VS. UCLA

I still think Oregon State will develop into the West Coast's best once the Beavers get untracked. UCLA needs a passer and a better running game. OREGON STATE.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
8 RIGHT; 1 WRONG
RECORD TO DATE: 14-6

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL—*RICHIE ASHBURN, second National League batting championship with .350 average*
TED WILLIAMS, sixth American League batting championship with .328 average
MINNEAPOLIS MILLERS of American Association 9 games to 6 over International League's Montreal Royals in opening games of Little World Series

BICYCLING—*MILLY ROBINSON, Britain, three world records with 6.21 m. in 14:44, 12.42 m. in 29:47.8, and 24.68 m. in even hour.*

BOATING *JAMES and ALLEGRA MERTZ, second straight Russell J. Nall Memorial Trophy for best over-all record for season, Yacht Racing Association of Long Island.*

BOXING *-WILLI BESMANOFF, TKO after one round over Alex Miteff, heavyweights, Seattle.*
INGEMAR JOHANSSON advanced to No. 1 ranking behind Champion Floyd Patterson in Ring Magazine ratings.
SONNY RAY, 9-round TKO over Jesse Bowdry, light heavyweights, Chicago
FRANKIE RYFF, 10-round decision over Gale Kerwin, Canadian welterweight champion, Washington
DAVEY MOORE, No. 1 challenger, 10-round decision over Kid Anahaw, featherweights, Los Angeles.

DOG SHOWS—*CH. TORTASENS BJONN II (elkhound), owned by Pitch Road Kennels, Litchfield, Conn., best-in-show, Suffolk County KC.*
CH. LICKEN RUN'S ROCK AND ROLL, owned by Harold M. Florsheim, Chicago, best-in-show, Welsh Terrier Club of America, Port Chester, N.Y.

FISHING—*JOHN TARANTINO, San Francisco, world casting championship defense with 13,958.8 points, at Brussels*

HARNESS RACING *-EMILY'S PRIDE: $16,028 Hanover, by head, Lexington, Ky.*
ADELE RAINBOW $14,100 Dan Patch pace, 1 m., by nose, in 2:02 3/5, Yonkers. Stanley Dancer, driver
SPEEDY PICK $10,000 free-for-all pace, 1 m., in 1:59 1/5, Yonkers Charles Fitzpatrick Jr., driver.

HORSE RACING—*CLEM: $111,200 Woodward Stakes, 1¼ m., by half length, in 2:01, Belmont Pk., Willie Shoemaker up. Round Table fifth.*
BOUNTY BAY: $35,000-added Bidwell Memorial H., 1⅛ m., by length and half, in record 1:45, Hawthorne. L. C. Cook up.
TEMPTED: $29,300 Maskette H., 1 m., by 2½ lengths, in 1:36 3/5, Belmont Pk. Bob Ussery up.
ROMAN COLONEL: $28,425 Mr. Lincoln Stakes, 6 f., by 2 lengths, in 1:12 2/5, Hawthorne. Charlie Burr up
WINSOME WINNER: $25,000 Idel Jockey Club Stakes, 1 m., for 2 y.o., by half length, in 1:36 2/5, Churchill Downs. Steve Brooks up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS *-JOAKIM BONNIER, Sweden, 186.3-mile Formula Libre race, Watkins Glen, N.Y., with 97.75 mph average, and 103 mph for fastest lap around 2.3-mile Grand Prix track in Maserati. Runner-up: Dan Gurney, Los Angeles, in Ferrari.*
ROGER WARD, Indianapolis, USAC 100-mile big car race, Trenton, N.J., in 1:22.9. Killed in accident on last lap: Jimmy Reece, 28, Speedway, Ind.

TENNIS—*FRANK SEDGMAN, Australia, over Tony Trabert, Cincinnati, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4, in $2,800 international pro tournament, Wembley, England*
CHRISTINE TRUMAN, 17, British Junior champion, over first-seeded Darlene Hard, 6-2, 6-4. Women's Singles Title, Pacific Coast championships.

continued

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4 Jerry Cooke 12 [illegible] 20—Richard Meek 21 [illegible] Mitchell; 26—A.P.; 32-34—drawings by Ajay. 54 Charles Trainor-Miami Daily News. 59—Ira Cary Sealy-Denver Post 60 [illegible] server 61—Farrell Grehan 62—John G. Zimmerman (2), A.P., 63—U.P.I., 75 -Richard Meek 84 -Anchor-[illegible]

The scotch that towers above them all—

MARTIN'S V.V.O.

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faces in the crowd . . .

DON WILSON, Dearborn, Mich. auto dealer, speedily won first heats of Potomac River hydroplane races in Washington, cagily coasted home last in third heat to capture President's Cup Regatta with *Miss U.S.I.*

BUDGE PATTY, 34-year-old itinerant tennis veteran of Paris and Los Angeles, dropped in at Pacific Coast tournament, slumped in 28-game set in finals, revived to beat Mike Davies, 22, by 6-4, 7-5, 13-15, 6-2.

KAREN McINTOSH, Bedford Village, N.Y., deftly handled two different horses in National Open Dressage competition in suburban Detroit, won the top event and the Colonel Hiram E. Tuttle Challenge Trophy.

ROGER RIVIERE, French cycling champion, despite a flat tire and a change of bicycles, pumped along at full tilt for an hour in Milan's Vigorelli Velodrome, established a new world record of 29.59 miles.

BRIAN HEWSON, European 1,500-meter champion, brought up rear behind Mike Blagrove, Peter Clark and Derek Ibbotson, helped British team set four-mile world record of 16:30.6 in London field meet with Finland.

CARROLL RESWEBER, Cedarburg, Iowa motorcycle racer for five years, earned enough points to take American Motorcycle Assn.'s 1958 national championship from three-time winner Joe Leonard, at San Jose, Calif.

GENE MAUCH, sharp fielding player-manager of Minneapolis Millers, manipulated team through American Association playoffs after fourth-place finish in regular season schedule, went on to Little World Series.

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COMING EVENTS

October 3 to October 12

★ *Color television*
◉ *Television*
■ *Network radio*
All times are E.D.T.

Friday, October 3

BOXING
◉ Anthony vs. McBride, heavies, 10 rds., Baltimore, 10 p.m. (NBC)

DOG TRIALS
Natl. Open Pheasant Shooting Champ., Baldwinsville, N.Y. second day, through Oct. 5)

FOOTBALL
North Carolina at USC (N)

PENTATHLON
Swiss Intl. Invitational Pentathlon Meet, Berne, Switzerland (through Oct. 7).

Saturday, October 4

AUTO RACING
Natl. SCCA races, Dunville, Va. (also Oct. 5).
Vaca Valley Natl. SCCA races, Vacaville, Calif. (through Oct. 5).

BASEBALL
★ World Series, Yankee Stadium (also Oct. 5
■ and, if necessary, Oct. 6; NBC).*

BOATING
Governor's Cup, Unlimited Hydros, Madison, Ind. (also Oct. 5).
280s Natl. Sailing Champ., Elizabeth City, N.C. (also Oct. 5)

DOG SHOW
Devon Dog Show Assn., Devon, Pa

FOOTBALL (COLLEGE)
■ Air Force at Iowa, 3:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Columbia at Princeton
Harvard at Cornell.
Illinois at Duke.
Miami at Baylor (N).
Michigan at Michigan State.
Mississippi St. vs. Tennessee at Memphis.
■ Notre Dame at SMU, 3:50 p.m. (ABC).
Oregon at Oklahoma.
Penn St. at Army.
Pittsburgh at Minnesota
Purdue at Rice (N).
Syracuse at Holy Cross.
UCLA at Oregon State.
Vanderbilt vs. Alabama at Birmingham (N).
◉ Washington State at California (NBC).*
Yale at Brown

FOOTBALL (PRO)
Chicago Bears at Baltimore (N)
Washington at Chicago Cardinals (N).

HOCKEY
Intl. Hockey Tournament, World's Fair, Brussels (also Oct. 5).
National Hockey League All-Star Game, Montreal.

HORSE RACING
◉ The Beldame Handicap, $50,000, Belmont, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
Appreciation Handicap, $25,000, Atlantic City, N.J.
Hawthorne Juvenile, $25,000, Hawthorne, Ill.

HUNT RACING
Rolling Rock Hunt Meeting, Ligonier, Pa

PIGEON RACING
Cleveland Intl. Futurity, $6,000, Cleveland.

Sunday, October 5

FOOTBALL (PRO)
◉ Cleveland at Pittsburgh (CBS).*
◉ Detroit at Green Bay (CBS).*
◉ Los Angeles at San Francisco (CBS.*
◉■New York at Philadelphia (CBS).*

Monday, October 6

BOATING
U.S. 5.5 Meter Sailing Champ., Komah, Texas (through Oct. 10)

BOXING
Logart vs. Stitch, welters, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York

DOG TRIALS
Natl. Amateur Pheasant Dog Champ., Baldwinsville, N.Y. (through Oct. 8).

HORSE RACING
The Demoiselle, $20,000, Belmont, N.Y.

RODEO
Dairy Show and Rodeo, $9,000, Chicago (through Oct. 12).

Tuesday, October 7

GOLF
Mexico Amateur, Guadalajara, Mexico (through Oct. 12).

Wednesday, October 8

BASEBALL
◉ World Series, Milwaukee (also Oct. 9, NBC).*
■ If necessary

BOXING
◉ Calhoun vs. Giambra, middles, 10 rds., Louisville, 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
World Amateur Team Champ. (Eisenhower Trophy), St. Andrews, Scotland (through Oct. 11).
Wm. H. Tucker Intercollegiate, men & women, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

HOCKEY
New York at Chicago

HORSE RACING
Manhattan Handicap, $50,000, Belmont, N.Y.

Thursday, October 9

HOCKEY
Boston at Montreal

HORSE RACING
Grand Natl. Steeplechase, $25,000, Belmont, N.Y.

Friday, October 10

AUTO RACING
Natl. SCCA Rip Van Winkle Rally, White Plains, N.Y. (through Oct. 12).

FOOTBALL
Florida at UCLA (N)

HORSE RACING
Arden Downs Stake pace, $10,000, Washington, Pa
Arden Downs Stake trot, $11,500, Washington, Pa

HORSE SHOW
Washington Intl., Washington, D.C. (through Oct. 15)

Saturday, October 11

BOATING
NOA Stock Outboard Div. III World Champs., Terre Haute, Ind. (through Oct. 13).

FOOTBALL (COLLEGE)
★ Big Ten game (NBC).*
■ Army at Notre Dame (NBC-TV, New York
◉ area only; ABC-Radio).*
Auburn at Kentucky (N).
Baylor at Duke.
Dartmouth at Brown.
Florida at UCLA (N).
Kansas St. at Nebraska.
■ Navy at Michigan, 2:15 p.m. (Mutual).
North Carolina St. at Wake Forest.
Ohio State at Illinois.
Oklahoma vs. Texas at Dallas.
Pittsburgh at Michigan St.
Purdue at Wisconsin.
USC vs. Oregon at Portland (N).
SMU at Missouri
Tennessee at Georgia Tech.
Washington at Stanford.
Washington St. at Idaho.

HOCKEY
Chicago at Toronto.
Detroit at Montreal.
New York at Boston.

HORSE RACING
◉ The Champagne, $75,000, Belmont, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
Hawthorne Gold Cup, $100,000, Hawthorne, Ill
Arden Downs Stake pace, $13,000, Washington, Pa.
Arden Downs Stake trot, $10,000, Washington, Pa

Sunday, October 12

AUTO RACING
USAC Pro Sports Car Race, Riverside, Calif

DOG TRIAL
Natl. Open Pheasant Dog Champ., Baldwinsville, N.Y. (through Oct. 16).

FOOTBALL (PRO)
◉ Baltimore vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee (CBS).*
◉ Cardinals at Cleveland (CBS).*
◉ Los Angeles at Detroit (CBS).*
◉■New York at Washington (CBS).*
◉ Philadelphia at Pittsburgh (CBS).*
◉ San Francisco at Chicago Bears (CBS).*

HOCKEY
Montreal at Boston.
New York at Detroit.
Toronto at Chicago.

*See local listing

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
OCTOBER 6, 1958

Richard Meek

VICTORY TOAST with champagne is hoisted at end of race with *Columbia*

VICTORY BY DESIGN

The cup challenge began and ended on the drawing board but made glorious racing history

by CARLETON MITCHELL

AFTER *Columbia* surged across the finish line in the final match for the America's Cup, Skipper Briggs Cunningham leaned far out of the cockpit and patted her sleek bottom in a spontaneous gesture of approbation. And well he might. So far astern as to be indistinct in the haze of a smoky sou'wester, *Sceptre*, the British challenger, wallowed in hopeless pursuit, a badly beaten boat for the fourth time in four races. Never was there more truth in the remark, made on the victory of the original *America* that had launched cup competition a century ago: "There is no second."

From the standpoint of weather, the races could not have been sailed more fairly had some special arrangement been made with Aeolus in person. The first event, on Saturday, was a drifting match, a dismal affair from the spectator's point of view, with faint slants of air ranging from absolute zero to perhaps six knots, and *Columbia* won by a mile—country or nautical.

"Give us a breeze," was the justified plea of the British, accustomed to the near gales of the Solent and Channel, and not prepared either in outlook or sails for ghosting along at bare steerageway.

Wednesday dawned bright and clear, except for feather cirrus which promised future wind. On the starting line at noon, a moderate southwesterly of some 10 knots gave both boats ample speed for maneuvering. Graham Mann, at the helm of *Sceptre*, made an effort to get on the tail of *Columbia*, à la *Vim*, and almost succeeded in establishing a safe leeward position. But Briggs Cunningham was not to be trapped; he started with clear wind and rapidly the defender ate out to windward and ahead. Again *Columbia* carried "The Purple People Eater"—Ratsey mainsail No. 2 of 13.75-ounce Defender cloth, in the sail book—and again perfect sails played a vital part in relative performance. *Sceptre*'s sails, to put it bluntly but objectively, looked awful.

There was now no doubt of *Columbia*'s vast superiority in light or moderate breezes, yet there still remained the question of what she would do in avowed "*Sceptre* weather," a real slugging match. During the night the wind began to whistle. On Thursday morning the flags of the fleet stood out straight, and tiny whitecaps formed even in the sheltered harbor.

Aboard *Sceptre* preparations went forward with purposeful dispatch. But aboard *Columbia* there was sheer delight, a holiday atmosphere of "this is what we're waiting for." By 8:30 Rod Stephens and his early-bird deck crew had bent on the Ratsey No. 4 mainsail—as fine a sail in winds of over 15 knots as "The Purple People Eater" was for drifting, a sail beautifully flat and aerodynamically perfect, which could be counted on to keep its shape. When Briggs Cunningham, Harry Sears and Olin Stephens arrived aboard shortly after 9, the wind had freshened still more. "Now we'll see," exalted Cunningham, partially out of complete confidence in *Columbia*, partially as a true sportsman who wanted to win or lose cleanly, with no reservations by anyone of what might have been.

By the time starting signals were hoisted, the wind had piped to 23 knots, all the breeze anyone could want, and the sea had built accordingly. There was little preliminary jockeying. *Sceptre* broke out a genoa approximately seven minutes early; *Columbia* waited until only three minutes remained. Both yachts hit the line together, before the smoke of the starting cannon had been whisked away. If anything, *Sceptre* had slightly the better of the start, being to windward. But *Columbia* had her wind free, and with unbelievable rapidity she delivered the Sunday punch, the big serve, the *coup de grâce;* pointing higher and footing faster, her superiority to windward

CUNNINGHAM PATS HIS WINNING HULL

still under sail. Left to right are Victor Romagna, Navigator Henry Sears, Designer Olin Stephens *seated*, Skipper Briggs Cunningham and Colin Ratsey. Rest of crew forward fill glasses to give toast for vanquished *Sceptre*, about to sail up alongside.

even more marked than in light air, the defender moved from abeam and to leeward to dead ahead. In less than five minutes the race was a rout. While *Sceptre* plunged and hobby-horsed in the seas—"bruising God's water," as a Bahamian might say—*Columbia* knifed through. While *Sceptre* appeared to sag off to leeward in the puffs, *Columbia* went right up into them. While *Sceptre* heeled sharply in the hardest gusts and seemed at times to be so tender that her helmsman had to ease her along, *Columbia* stood up as straight as a church steeple, asking for more.

Valiantly *Sceptre* tried to make a race of it. Shortly after the start, Graham Mann began a tacking duel, hoping to lure his adversary into an error or find a flaw in equipment; within 16 minutes the challenger had come about eight times. *Columbia* refused to be drawn into a short-tack contest, but instead stood on each time, covering only when tactical necessity demanded. Still, it was a rugged workout for both groups of winch-pumpers. Before they had sailed the six miles to the first mark of the twice-around windward-leeward course, *Columbia* had tacked 14 times and *Sceptre* had tacked 16 (*see chart next page*).

Downwind, *Columbia* set the large red-topped Hood spinnaker borrowed from *Vim*, which the crew had dubbed "Big Harry" in honor of Harry Sears, *Columbia*'s redheaded navigator and syndicate organizer. *Sceptre* countered with the colorful red, white and blue Herbulôt. *Columbia* gained a few seconds more. But the second weather leg, wind a trifle fresher and sea bigger, was truly the death of hope. While *Sceptre* dove and plunged, occasionally cascading water from her foredeck like a surfacing submarine, *Columbia* gained almost a minute a mile. Adding a few more seconds on the final run, the defender was first across the finish by 8 minutes 20 seconds—again more than a mile in distance.

The final match was sailed in the only wind condition short of a gale—which would have forced cancellation, anyway—that had not been experienced during the first three. This time there was another sou'wester at the start, averaging between the light to moderate airs of Wednesday and the slug fest of Thursday. The result was the same. And in the 12- to 15-mile wind, once again *Columbia* did what she was asked.

The final match, as the others, was no contest, a race in name only, and for the 17th straight time an American defender had turned back a challenger.

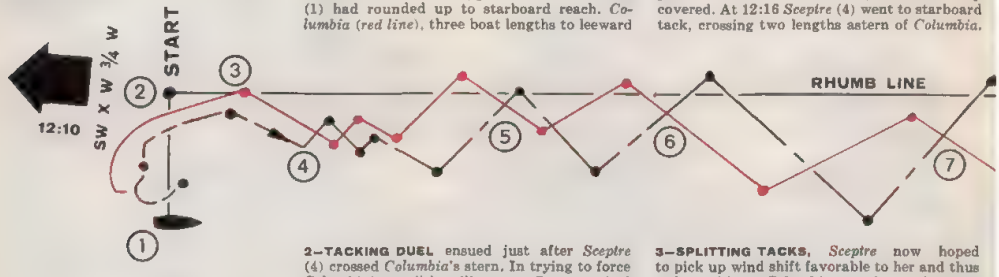
What was the reason for the great superiority of *Columbia* over *Sceptre?* Before competition began in the spring, it was generally agreed that hull differences between challenger and the ultimate defender would be slight, due to the rigid requirements of the International Rule of measurements; crews and sails would probably make the difference. And so it proved with the four American candidates. Hulls seemed the factor least important in over-all performance.

When *Sceptre* appeared on her mooring in Newport, the general impression among yachtsmen was as mine had been on the Solent in May: a handsome and powerful vessel, differing somewhat from American practice, but in no way unconventional or suffering by comparison. All hands were impressed by Helmsman Graham Mann and his crew, and the businesslike way both sailing and nonsailing members of the organization went about the job of preparation. Yet, the moment *Sceptre* was first hauled from the water and her underbody exposed to critical view, most experts felt a premonition of

continued on page 20

TURN PAGE FOR CHART OF THIRD RACE

FIRST LEG

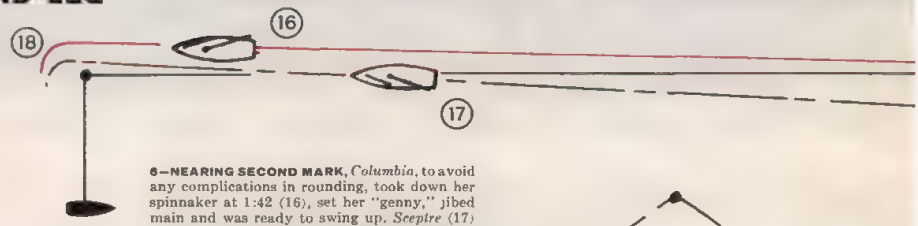


1—THIRD RACE was decisive: for first time *Columbia* raced *Sceptre* in 20-mph winds for which *Sceptre* was designed—twice around windward-leeward course (*rhumb line*) running SW by W ¼ W. Two minutes before the 12:10 p.m. start, wind (*black arrow*) was 23 knots SW by W ¾ W and both boats (1) had rounded up to starboard reach. *Columbia* (*red line*), three boat lengths to leeward and a boat length ahead, went for the line (2) and *Sceptre* came charging over to cover her. Boats ran across line abeam with *Sceptre* to windward but *Columbia* soon powered ahead and at the end of three minutes was giving *Sceptre* backwind. *Sceptre* at 12:18 went on port tack and *Columbia* (3) immediately covered. At 12:16 *Sceptre* (4) went to starboard tack, crossing two lengths astern of *Columbia*.

2—TACKING DUEL ensued just after *Sceptre* (4) crossed *Columbia*'s stern. In trying to force *Columbia* into sail-handling error, *Sceptre* tacked at 12:17 and 12:18, forcing *Columbia* to cover, but when *Sceptre* tacked at 12:19, *Columbia* held course across rhumb line, where she finally covered at 12:21 by going to port tack. *Sceptre* split and *Columbia* crossed her bow three boat lengths ahead (5), pointing higher, going faster.

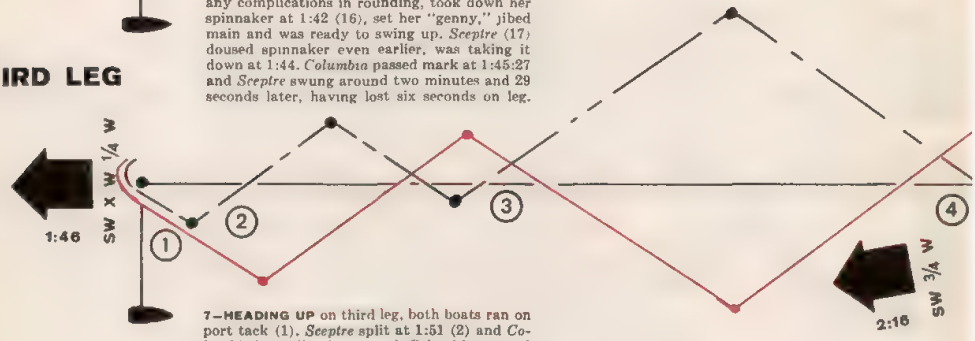
3—SPLITTING TACKS, *Sceptre* now hoped to pick up wind shift favorable to her and thus unfavorable to *Columbia* on other tack. After crossing *Sceptre* bow (5), *Columbia* covered at 12:23, tacking for the sixth time, and *Sceptre* tacked away for the seventh time. *Columbia* waited until 12:26 to cover, *Sceptre* split and *Columbia* crossed *Sceptre*'s bow (6) five boat lengths ahead, pulling away.

SECOND LEG



6—NEARING SECOND MARK, *Columbia*, to avoid any complications in rounding, took down her spinnaker at 1:42 (16), set her "genny," jibed main and was ready to swing up. *Sceptre* (17) doused spinnaker even earlier, was taking it down at 1:44. *Columbia* passed mark at 1:45:27 and *Sceptre* swung around two minutes and 29 seconds later, having lost six seconds on leg.

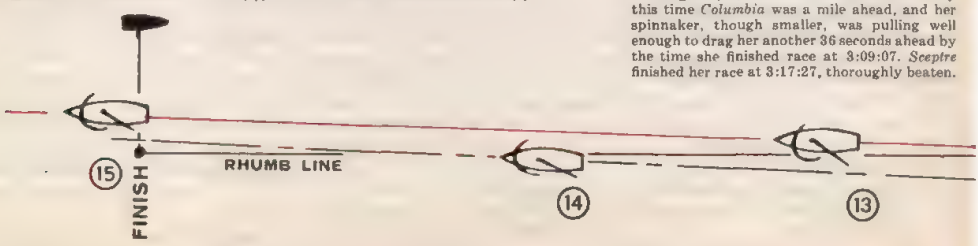
THIRD LEG



7—HEADING UP on third leg, both boats ran on port tack (1). *Sceptre* split at 1:51 (2) and *Columbia* immediately covered. *Columbia* covered again when *Sceptre* split to port. When *Sceptre* went to starboard tack at 2:00 she crossed (3) half a mile astern of *Columbia*, who was standing up better to the wind (now blowing at well over 26 knots) than *Sceptre* and pulling away. When *Columbia* crossed *Sceptre* again (4), she was getting an unfavorable shift to south and so tacked and got a lift which further increased her lead. *Sceptre*, getting ready to come about at 2:32 (5), was almost a mile behind *Columbia* (6).

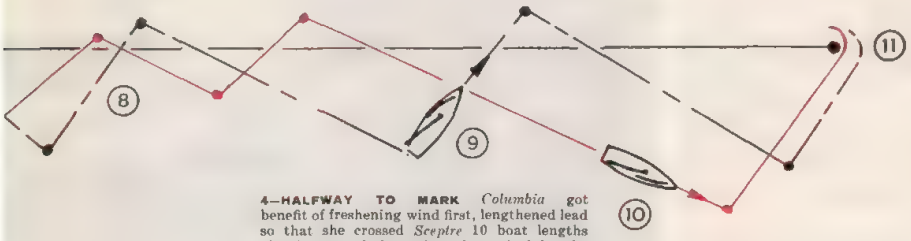
9—HEADING DOWN to finish after she rounded mark (10), *Columbia* had wind shift to south, could hoist Big Harry and hold rhumb line without jibing. After rounding, *Sceptre* jibed, put up red, white and blue Herbulot and worked toward west (11), looking for westerly, exactly as she had on her first downwind leg. She jibed back again (12) at 2:55 to head for finish. By this time *Columbia* was a mile ahead, and her spinnaker, though smaller, was pulling well enough to drag her another 36 seconds ahead by the time she finished race at 3:09:07. *Sceptre* finished her race at 3:17:27, thoroughly beaten.

FOURTH LEG

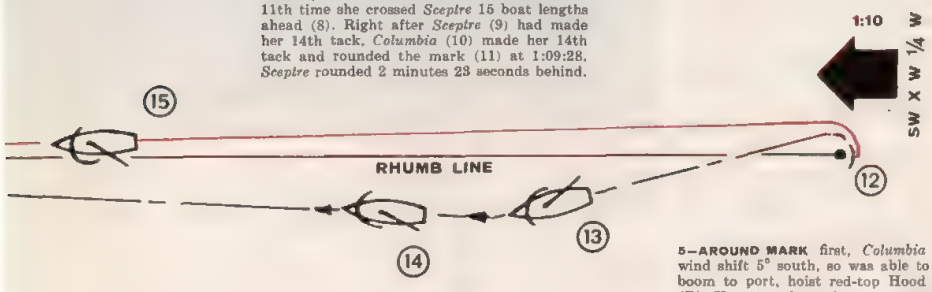


WHEN 'SCEPTRE' GOT HER BIG WIND

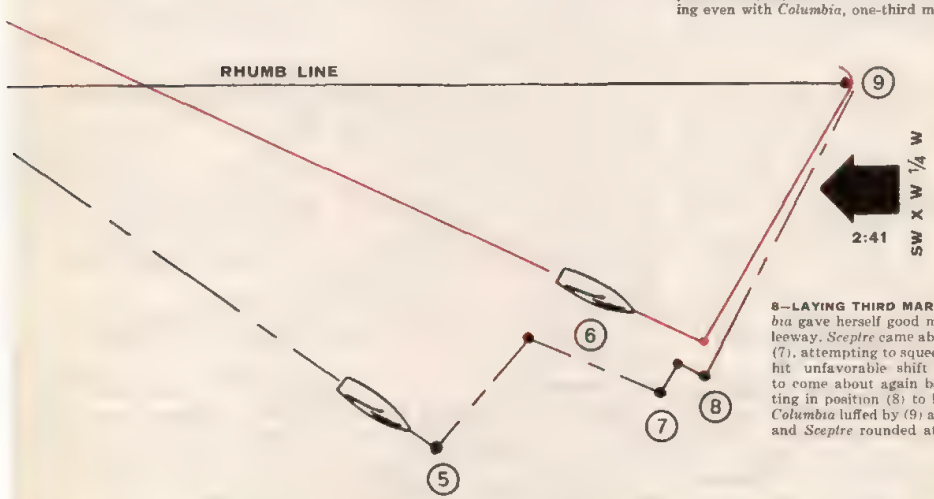
An analysis by **ARTHUR KNAPP JR.**, *skipper of "Weatherly," with race diagrams by Allen Beechel*



4—HALFWAY TO MARK *Columbia* got benefit of freshening wind first, lengthened lead so that she crossed *Sceptre* 10 boat lengths ahead (7), and then when she tacked for the 11th time she crossed *Sceptre* 15 boat lengths ahead (8). Right after *Sceptre* (9) had made her 14th tack, *Columbia* (10) made her 14th tack and rounded the mark (11) at 1:09:28. *Sceptre* rounded 2 minutes 23 seconds behind.



5—AROUND MARK first, *Columbia* (12) got wind shift 5° south, so was able to leave her boom to port, hoist red-top Hood spinnaker (Big Harry) and run down to second mark on starboard jibe. After rounding, *Sceptre* jibed, hoisted her red, white and blue Herbulot and worked out to the west slightly (13). *Sceptre* jibed back (14), headed for mark at 1:26, holding even with *Columbia*, one-third mile ahead.



8—LAYING THIRD MARK, *Columbia* gave herself good margin for leeway. *Sceptre* came about lower (7), attempting to squeeze it, but hit unfavorable shift and had to come about again before getting in position (8) to lay mark. *Columbia* luffed by (9) at 2:43:23, and *Sceptre* rounded at 2:51:07.

CONTINUED

disaster. The apple bow, bulbous keel section, scant lateral plane, sharply raked rudder, slack bilges—all added up in American eyes to poor performance. I felt a deep stab of amazement—and worry, wishing her well—as I stood below and analyzed her shape. Briggs Cunningham best summed up my feeling during *Columbia*'s celebration on being selected as defender, when he said of the challenger's underbody: "One of us has to be wrong." Unspoken was the conviction that Olin Stephens, who had turned out an even faster boat than *Vim*, would not be the one.

When *Sceptre* was pitted against the defender her speed deficiency was apparent in all conditions. Watching from *Columbia*'s tender, *Chaperone*, Howard Fuller commented: "She's not a light-weather boat, nor a moderate-weather boat, nor a heavy-weather boat—she's a no-weather boat." *Sceptre* unquestionably had a poor hull form. In her case, it was the decisive factor, although bad sails compounded the situation by failing to supply maximum drive to a shape which needed all the push it could get.

Sceptre's failure undoubtedly began with the tank tests. As the British were unable to organize more than one syndicate to produce more than one boat, they asked four prominent designers to submit drawings for two 12-meter yachts, one to be conventional, one to be as radical as desired, provided it would measure in the class. These eight models were towed in the tanks of Saunders-Roe, on the Isle of Wight, a firm which specializes in aircraft and high-speed motor launches, although it has tested the hulls of a few small racing classes, such as 5.5 meters. Naturally, a model of a known 12-meter yacht had to be used as a comparative yardstick in the tests, and here again is an example of what the British were up against. Before the war, the best British 12 was *Tomahawk*, designed by Charles Nicholson, who had also designed the *Endeavours* for T.O.M. Sopwith. *Tomahawk* was tough competition for *Vim* when Harold Vanderbilt campaigned on the Solent in '39, and would have been a good point of departure for a new design. Yet, according to a member of the *Sceptre* organization, "Poor old Charlie was bombed out during the war, and all of his drawings were burned. So we had to use *Flica II*, which had belonged to Hugh Goodson, as her lines were available." Unfortunately, *Flica II* had never been a very successful boat.

As the tests proceeded, the four designers formed a committee to evaluate the tests. Tank results are admittedly tricky, and understanding and applying them to full-size vessels takes much practice and experience. The English had no equivalent to the late Dr. Kenneth S. M. Davidson, developer of accurate tank testing at Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J., where the American designs were towed. The committee chose the design of David Boyd, and the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate immediately gave an order for construction. As Hugh Somerville of the London *Times* wrote last week, "Poor fellows. . . . It appears that they were beaten on July 13, 1957 when *Sceptre*'s corpulent form came out of the test tank."

WAVES IN A TANK

Gossip had it that one of the reasons for *Sceptre*'s poor performance was that the British hulls were tested in a tank where waves—actual sea conditions in a fresh wind—could not be simulated. This implies that the defender enjoyed this advantage. It did not. As Rod Stephens explained: "It is difficult to agitate the waves from the proper direction—going to windward, waves come from an angle on the bow, not dead ahead. It may work eventually, but so far the data is not trustworthy. So we didn't use it on *Columbia*."

In the wake of the cup matches it is easy to point out flaws and deficiencies in the British effort. Monday-morning afterguards are criticizing the inexperience of the crew, especially their youth. However, selection was made on the basis of actual performance aboard *Sceptre* and her trial horse, *Evaine*, and the best available candidates were chosen from those able—in the British economy—to afford the luxury of an entire summer of sailing. There has been censure of the size of the syndicate, yet this, too, was dictated by economic necessity, and the members' sincerity is evidenced by the fact that none sailed aboard, feeling others were more competent.

Naturally, in so large a group there was inertia and oversight: *Sceptre* did not have equipment requested months before the matches by her navigator, and, thanks to the "heavy-weather" fixation, proper sails for light air were not provided. Yet, given the hull of *Sceptre*, it is doubtful if *Columbia*'s crew could have made her a winner even with their great inventory of sails.

Much erroneous data has been published even recently on the vital statistics of challenger and defender, especially in displacement. Reports made *Sceptre* out as being heavier

THE WINNING COMBINATION .

OLIN STEPHENS AND SLIM "COLUMBIA" hull proved unbeatable. America's virtuoso designer, Stephens created, among others, ocean racer *Dorade;* J boat *Ranger*, the last cup defender; plus aluminum sailboat *Dyna* and the famous *Finisterre*.

. AND THE LOSING ONE

DAVID BOYD AND FAT "SCEPTRE" hull were overmatched. Boyd's 6-meter design *Circe* was success, but *Sceptre*, his first 12 meter, was slow. After fourth race Boyd said that next time he'd "ask Stephens for a look at *Columbia* blueprints."

than *Columbia* by a matter of tons. Yet on the day after the final race, Olin Stephens told me that the displacement of *Columbia* "light" (without sails, crew or movable equipment) came to about 58,000 pounds when the cup matches began, while David Boyd put *Sceptre* at 61,152 pounds. Loaded, on the starting line, both would run about 4,000 pounds heavier. The sail area was almost identical, 1,825 square feet for *Columbia*, 1,832 square feet for *Sceptre*. Nor was there much difference in beam, waterline length (*Columbia* is a few inches less than *Sceptre*'s "light" waterline of 46.56 feet) or over-all length (here *Columbia* is about a foot longer than *Sceptre*'s 68.9 feet).

Thus, it is apparent that the difference in the two yachts lay principally in shape, not dimensions—a tribute to Olin Stephens. Indeed, it is possible that *Columbia*'s great superiority over a foreign design could kill off 12-meter racing for the America's Cup as effectively as *Ranger* discouraged any further challenges in the Js. Olin Stephens' very genius might prevent him from having the opportunity of exercising it again, unless he would make available tank data on, say, *Vim*, as a point of departure. This is perhaps a startling thought, but something radical may be necessary to preserve future cup competition, despite rumors of pending challenges. Following the final defeat, Sam Brooks—bloody but unbowed, the stiff upper lip of a Royal Navy officer firmly in place—sighed: "Back to the drawing board." Yet, it is not so simple as that.

SPORTSMANSHIP, NOT PROTESTS

While there was general agreement that the design was not satisfactory, universal was the admiration for the men of *Sceptre*, her backers and the actual deck organization. Never was sportsmanship on a higher plane; not only no protests, but no quibbling. All observers agreed that Graham Mann had done an excellent job on the starting line, in tactics and in getting everything possible out of the boat. With more experience in 12s, he could be a most formidable competitor. After the final race he visited *Columbia* to pay his personal respects to the rival skipper, cap at the usual jaunty angle, as cool and detached as he had come to the start of the first race. "Too bad, Graham," I said from *Chaperone*, after telling him Briggs Cunningham was off looking for him. He shrugged. "One of those things. We tried. It just wasn't good enough. Maybe another time."

Throughout the series *Sceptre*'s sail handling had been smooth and efficient. The monstrous Herbulôt spinnakers had been set and jibed without mishap, and *Sceptre*'s tacking had been excellent. In the final race a main boom broken early on the second leg was "fished" with both spinnaker poles, a difficult job of emergency seamanship, and *Sceptre* not only finished but gained on the ultimate reach.

After the epic battles and genuine excitement of the Final Trial series, when *Columbia* and *Vim* raced neck and neck, there is no denying a sense of anticlimax and disappointment. Yet, on the final windy days, with the threat of a hurricane coming up the coast, there were still 300 vessels of assorted types following the contestants, and as she crossed the line for the final time, fulfilling her destiny, there was a tremendous salute to *Columbia*, richly deserved.

Perhaps because of the conviction that *Sceptre* was such a bad boat, many failed to realize how good *Columbia* really was, and she has not fully received the plaudits she deserves. By the time the cup matches began, *Columbia* was a craft worthy of rating with yachting's immortals, outstanding of her type and size. When the chips were down, she was at her best, the mark of any champion. In the cup matches, Briggs Cunningham sailed her magnificently, with a sure touch on the helm in light and heavy going, and without a tactical error. It was a long, hard summer for him, and his patience and sportsmanship were rewarded by the greatest honor in match racing. In recognition of the fact that the America's Cup would not have been revived nor *Columbia* built except for Harry Sears, Cunningham turned over the wheel to him for the final gun, another well-deserved tribute.

Columbia's crew rose to the occasion, making not a bobble of sail handling in four tense days. Of one spinnaker maneuver, Dick Bertram, who had been in charge of *Vim*'s foredeck, commented: "Nobody has done it better all summer." When *Columbia* crossed the final finish line, it turned out she was carrying the first extra weight of her career, two bottles of champagne smuggled aboard by Colin Ratsey. Lifting paper cups, sailing in to the mooring for the last time, the crew toasted the boat and each other. The long watery trail was ended—788 rhumb-line miles of hard racing, and several times as much in practice sailing, a distance approximating a trans-atlantic passage.

TURN PAGE FOR PHOTOGRAPH OF 'COLUMBIA' AND 'SCEPTRE' IN ACTION

SCEPTRE

STORMY WEATHER IS 'COLUMBIA' WEATHER

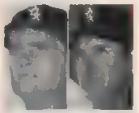
Photograph by Richard Meek

So, for that matter, is any weather. After the light, insubstantial airs of the first America's Cup race and the fresh breezes of the second, the British invoked the great, smoky winds they said made *Sceptre* go. And on the morning of the third race day the British got them; it blew out of the southwest at 23 knots, steepening the Atlantic chop. Alas, even in heavy going, *Sceptre* was desperately outclassed. Here, on the first windward leg of the third race, *Sceptre* labors far behind, burying her lee rail as her helmsman, Lieut. Commander Graham Mann, tries to keep her high in the wind. *Columbia*, standing up well, sails blithely ahead on a starboard tack. It was here in the wild and the wet that *Sceptre* knew she was truly beaten; the fourth, final race was only part of the compact.

OL' CASE, BASEBALL'S ONE-MAN WPA

In his 10 years as manager of the New York Yankees, Casey Stengel has wrought many strange and wonderful things, including the unparalleled feat of winning nine pennants in 10 years and capturing five world championships in a row. Not so widely heralded, however, has been his work in creating job opportunities. Casey has been so tellingly proficient that he has caused more changes in his job category than the collective bleacherites in the game's history. He has been a one-man WPA for men with managerial ambitions. No club in the American League, except, of course, the Yankees, has had less than four managers in Casey's 10 years, and five have had five. That's 33 jobs in all, and 26 men have taken turns filling them. Of these, only Al Lopez finished ahead of Casey, and it is not surprising, therefore, that 19 of the 26 no longer manage in the American League. For your own analysis, here is a chart of the 10 races of Casey.

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
'49	STENGEL NY, won 97 games *First pennant!*	McCARTHY Bos, 1 behind *One measly game*	BOUDREAU Clev, 8 behind *Can't win 'em all*	ROLFE Det, 10 behind *4th place hurts.*	MACK Phil, 16 behind *5th place is great!*	ONSLOW Chi, 34 behind *6th is awful*	TAYLOR StL, 44 behind *We're used to it*	KUHEL Wash, 47 behind *Just leave me alone.*
'50	STENGEL NY, won 98 games *Well, that's two*	ROLFE Det, 3 behind *So near, so far*	McCARTHY, O'NEILL Bos, 4 behind *You smile, Stere*	BOUDREAU Clev, 6 behind *Fired? Me?*	HARRIS Wash, 31 behind *I won with the Yanks*	ONSLOW, CORRIDEN Chi, 38 behind *It's still awful*	TAYLOR StL, 40 behind *Boy! 'Tis again!*	MACK Phil, 46 behind *A pleasure to retire.*
'51	STENGEL NY, won 98 games *Just routine.*	LOPEZ Clev, 5 behind *Brand-new and eager.*	O'NEILL Bos, 11 behind *Smile, he said.*	RICHARDS Chi, 17 behind *Gee, the majors!*	ROLFE Det, 25 behind *Yeah, the majors.*	DYKES Phil, 28 behind *Ah, back in command*	HARRIS Wash, 36 behind *You quitting, Zack?*	TAYLOR StL, 46 behind *But to talk this*
'52	STENGEL NY, won 96 games *Really, it's nothing.*	LOPEZ Clev, 2 behind *Nothing, huh?*	RICHARDS Chi, 14 behind *I'll figure it out.*	DYKES Phil, 16 behind *Intrepid Jim is 4th.*	HARRIS Wash, 17 behind *I won with the Yanks.*	BOUDREAU Bos, 19 behind *Well, a new team.*	HORNSBY, MARION StL, 31 behind *That's 8th, Marty*	ROLFE, HUTCHINSON Det, 46 behind *And we're in it.*

'53								
	STENGEL **NY, won 99 games** *Poor Al*	**LOPEZ** **Clev, 8 behind** *How do you beat him?*	**RICHARDS** **Chi, 11½ behind** *Don't look down.*	**BOUDREAU** **Bos, 16 behind** *And up to 4th!*	**HARRIS** **Wash, 23½ behind** *Still 5th.*	**HUTCHINSON** **Det, 40½ behind** *We're coming up*	**DYKES** **Phil, 41½ behind** *Trepid Jim is 7th*	**MARION** **StL, 46½ behind** *What'd I do wrong?*
'54								
	LOPEZ **Clev, won 111 games** *That's it.*	**STENGEL** **NY, 8 behind** *Poor Case*	**RICHARDS, MARION** **Chi, 17 behind** *Lopez beat 'em!*	**BOUDREAU** **Bos, 42 behind** *Who cares?*	**HUTCHINSON** **Det, 43 behind** *Do better, get hurt.*	**HARRIS** **Wash, 45 behind** *Do worse, get hurt.*	**DYKES** **Balt, 57 behind** *Uh, shut up.*	**JOOST** **Phil, 60 behind** *Where'd everybody go?*
'55								
	STENGEL **NY, won 96 games** *Beat me, call me!*	**LOPEZ** **Clev, 3 behind** *Well, it was fun*	**MARION** **Chi, 5 behind** *Lots of fun.*	**HIGGINS** **Bos, 12 behind** *Yeah, fun*	**HARRIS** **Det, 17 behind** *Back in 5th again*	**BOUDREAU** **KC, 33 behind** *Got me a new team!*	**RICHARDS** **Balt, 39 behind** *So have I.*	**DRESSEN** **Wash, 43 behind** *And me.*
'56								
	STENGEL **NY, won 97 games** *This is a pleasure*	**LOPEZ** **Clev, 9 behind** *Pleasure, heh*	**MARION** **Chi, 12 behind** *Wasn't much fun*	**HIGGINS** **Bos, 13 behind** *Fun? What's fun?*	**HARRIS** **Det, 16 behind** *I won with the Yanks.*	**RICHARDS** **Balt, 28 behind** *What a team this was*	**DRESSEN** **Wash, 38 behind** *Well, we got to 7th*	**BOUDREAU** **KC, 45 behind** *We got to 8th*
'57								
	STENGEL **NY, won 98 games** *Dum-dee-dum-de-dum*	**LOPEZ** **Chi, 6 behind** *Sure*	**HIGGINS** **Bos, 15 behind** *Keeps getting harder*	**TIGHE** **Det, 20 behind** *We're going up!*	**RICHARDS** **Balt, 21 behind** *Don't be too sure.*	**FARRELL** **Clev, 21½ behind** *I'm still numb*	**BOUDREAU, CRAFT** **KC, 38½ behind** *It hurts, Harry*	**DRESSEN, LAVAGETTO** **Wash, 43 behind** *Smile now, Cookie.*
'58								
	STENGEL **NY, won 92 games** *Stop chasing me.*	**LOPEZ** **Chi, 10 behind** *I never quit, Case.*	**HIGGINS** **Bos, 13 behind** *I'm feeling low.*	**BRAGAN, GORDON** **Clev, 14½ behind** *It's yours, Gordon.*	**TIGHE, NORMAN** **Det, 15 behind** *Don't look up, Bill*	**RICHARDS** **Balt, 17½ behind** *Back near the bottom.*	**CRAFT** **KC, 19 behind** *I see what Lou meant.*	**LAVAGETTO** **Wash, 31 behind** *Charlie warned me.*

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Restrained Cheers

A NEW TREND in college football cheering has appeared this season, a change in yelling comparable to the change in poetry from Longfellow's inspirational verse to T. S. Eliot's limp, anticlimactic lines. At the first Southern Cal game the rooters, instead of making the Los Angeles night air ring with skyrocket and locomotive yells, siss-boom-ahs and rah-rah-rahs, chorused such casual and extemporaneous observations as "It's fantastic," or, "What a game." The Trojans massed their defenses and stopped Oregon State for three downs near the goal. Fourth down, inches to go. Did the stands break out in massed rhythmic bellowings urging, "Hold that line"? No, they murmured in chorus: "One more time."

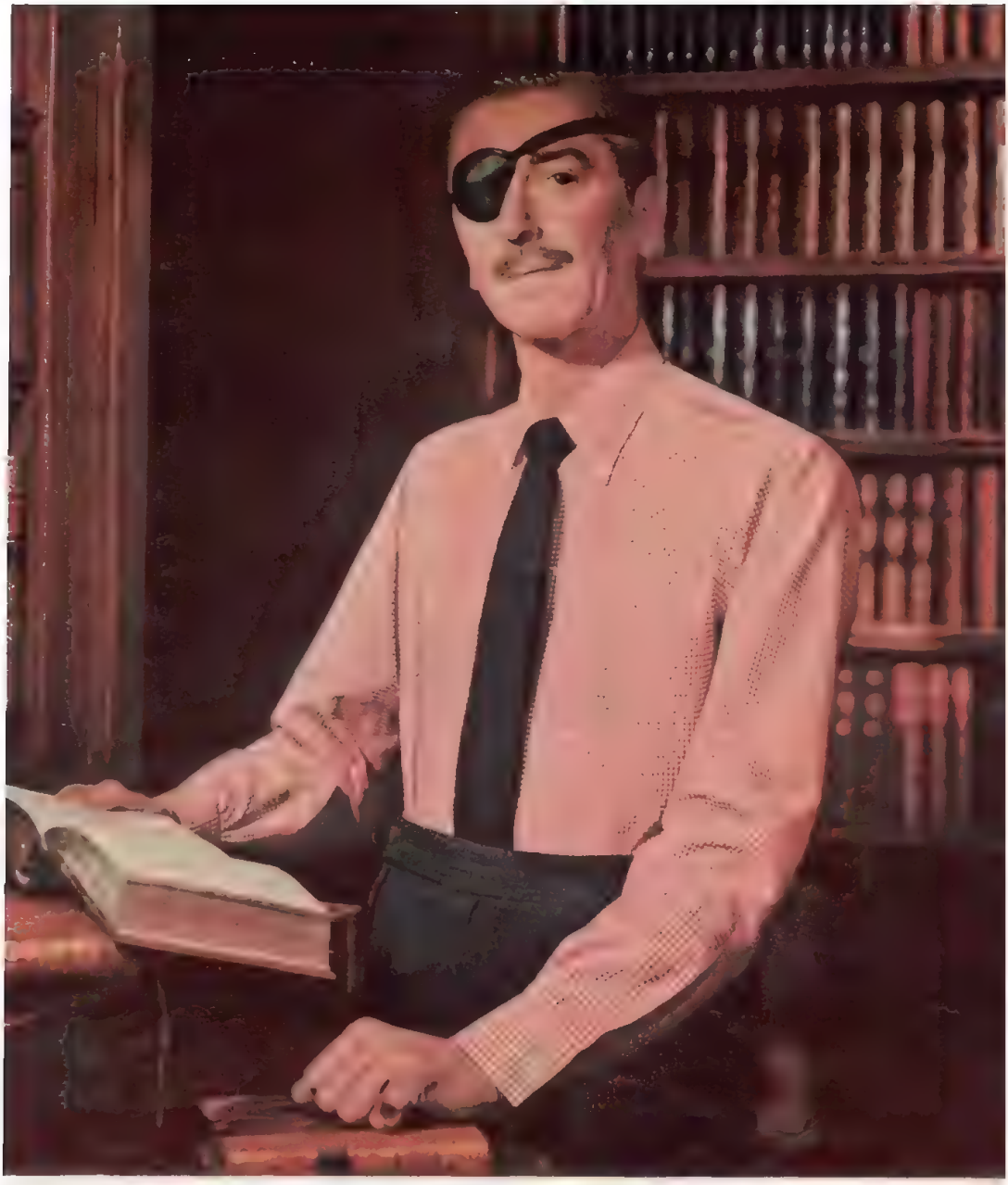
Next afternoon, Pitt walloped UCLA in the Coliseum to the especial discomfort of a local sportscaster and prognosticator, Sam Balter, renowned for his UCLA partisanship. So the UCLA cheering section produced a spur-of-the-moment commentary in chorus, practically a Henry James sentence converted into a college yell: "How do you feel, Sam Balter? We know how you feel."

Cheers, come to think of it, usually reflect changes in social life, new moods, contemporary phenomena. When education was classical, Yale produced its "Brekekekéx, ko-áx, ko-áx," borrowed from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. After the Civil War, Princeton took over the siss, boom, ah from the song of the 7th Regiment of the Army of the Potomac. Innumerable locomotive yells derived from the wonderful sound of a wood-burning locomotive picking up speed. In the Rough Rider era of history it seemed only natural to hail a touchdown with "osky-wow-wow." So now, in the era of the cocktail party and the restrained hello, when moderns tend to murmur "wonderful" or "terrific" to express approval, or "oh, great" to express the opposite, we are getting a sort of conversational plain chant at football games.

We guess it's a natural development, and welcome enough, but trust it won't be carried too far. If not watched, the cheering section *could* become a sort of mass television commentator, saying (all together now, and put some life in it), "An interesting play." Or the roar of the crowd could sink to something like an organized murmur of cocktail party

continued

"Talk about working like a horse—when are we going to have a Blue Cross plan?"



Hathaway's new "Suburban"—the informal shirt that fits

HATHAWAY designed the *Suburban* shirt for weekends. But lately we have noticed it's been turning up *in town*—particularly on Monday mornings.

Some men just can't bear to be parted from a shirt that combines the *comfort* of a sports shirt with the *trimness* of a business shirt. And you can't blame them. The *Suburban* is informal—but it fits. It comes in exact neck and sleeve sizes—and it also has those generous Hathaway tails that stay inside your trousers.

Notice the button-down collar too. It is "banded," so it takes a tie. Which is a mercy, since as everyone already knows, "If you don't wear a collar and a tie, you won't go to heaven when you die."

You can get these versatile *Suburban* shirts in sixty of Hathaway's most interesting fabrics. The shirt in our picture is an imported English gingham—at $8.95.

For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine —or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

Introducing the "Linear Look"...

OLDSMOBILE

So totally new...so typically Olds

Ninety-Eight Holiday SceniCoupe—features new heat-resistant rear window, combining cool comfort with maximum visibility. SceniCoupe styling also available in Dynamic 88 and Super 88 Series.

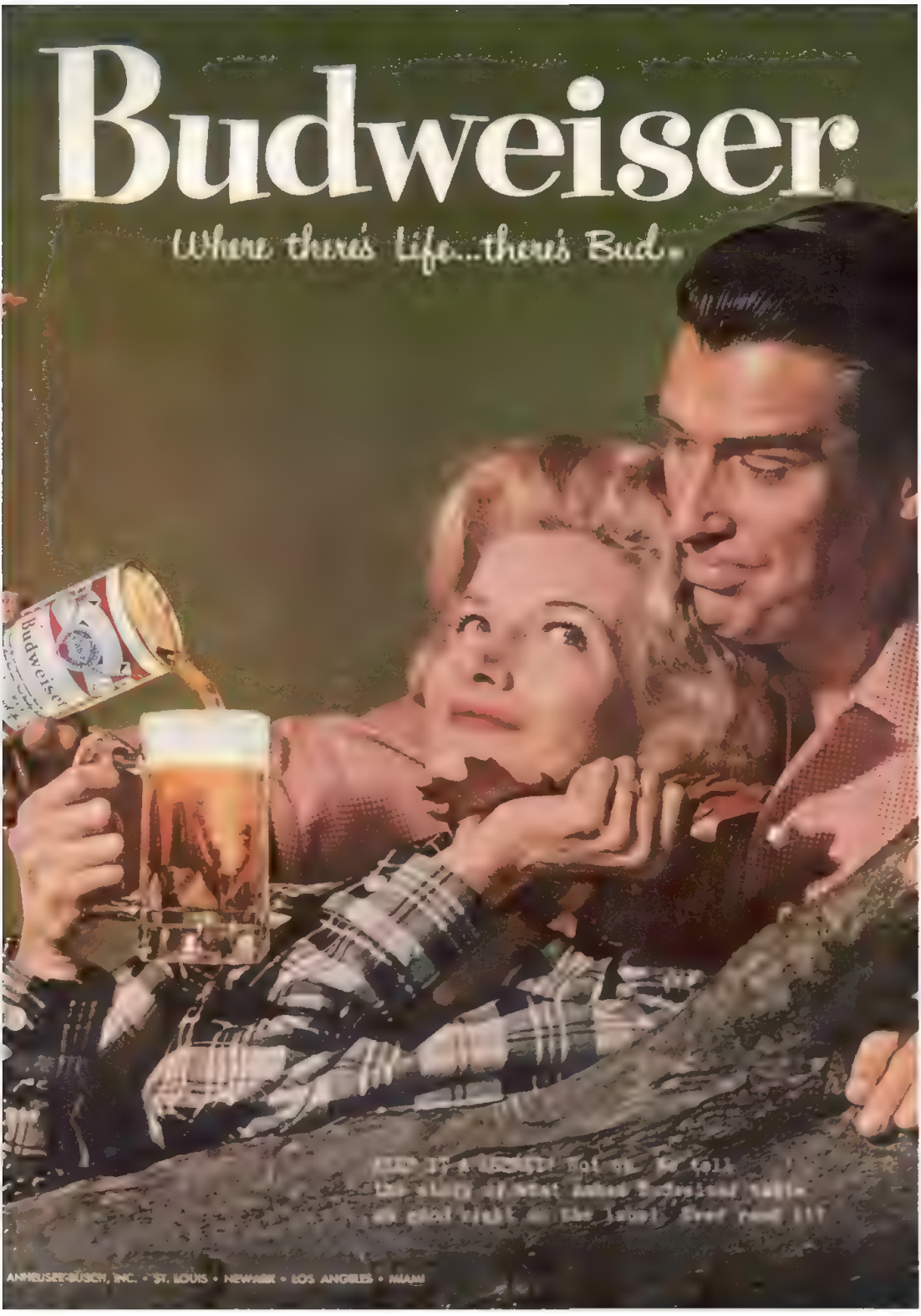
for '59

Here you see the start of a new styling cycle! Sweeping expanses of glass enhance Oldsmobile's new inner spaciousness. For in every '59 Olds there's *new roominess*... here, there, everywhere... from leg room to luggage space! New Rocket Engines, too, newly engineered for quietness, smoothness *and economy*! And everywhere you look on *every* '59 Olds you'll find the *added values* you asked for . . . from new Magic-Mirror Finishes to safety-cooled Air-Scoop Brakes on *all four* wheels. See the quality leader of the medium price class—the exciting '59 Oldsmobile!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Super 88 Holiday SportSedan—full family size with 4-door convenience plus the flair of a sports car. Also available in the Dynamic 88 (right rear) and Ninety-Eight Series.

Discover the added values in OLDSmobility...
at your local quality dealer's!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Where there's Life...there's Bud.
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small talk, everyone saying at the same time, "What utter nonsense," or "Well, that does it."

Advice to the Airborne

A TRIM, superbly designed young lady with close-cropped ash-blond curls and gray-blue eyes flecked with worry turned up in our offices the other day. Her name, she said, was Nancy Boeseke and she needed help: what, if anything, could we tell her about a group of young men known collectively as the New York Yankees?

Well, as luck would have it, we did happen to have a fact or two on hand about that very group, and we were more than pleased to turn them over to a lady in distress. But why, we wondered, did she need such information? The answer was simplicity itself and supplied with a long, level look from those gray-blue eyes. "Baseball players," said Nancy, "get their feelings hurt very easily if you don't know who they are. I'm going to be flying the Yankees to Milwaukee and back and I wouldn't want to make a mistake like asking Mr. Stengel if he was the first baseman or anything like that."

By now, providing she has done her homework, we hope that Nancy knows all about Mr. Stengel and his friends, and we think it only fair that they should know a little something about her. So—if we're all settled comfortably in the United Airlines DC-7 that will serve as private air taxi for the Yankees during the series—please allow us to perform an introduction. Ladies, may we present Mr. Casey Stengel and his boys, all baseball players of note? Gentlemen, these are your airline hostesses for the duration of the series. The tall brunette just over there is Phyllis Baker, who knows all there is to know about baseball because she has flown the Cubs to the West Coast several times. The Blonde just over here is her roommate Nancy.

Nancy was born in Santa Barbara, Calif. where the national game plays second fiddle to a rougher pastime known as football. As a matter of fact, she was born on New Year's Day, which was probably lucky since a victory for his alma mater (Stanford 7 Southern Methodist 0) at the Rose Bowl that afternoon served to mollify in some measure her sportsman father's indignation at siring a mere girl.

In later years Nancy, who sails, swims, skis, plays tennis and distracts football players with consummate skill, restored herself to parental esteem by matriculating at Stanford as an art major and getting herself pinned by the university's star halfback and football captain.

Unfortunately, by graduation time this romance had flickered and faded into a warm friendship, but it had served to give Nancy ("I'm rather fickle") a deep insight into the temperaments of athletes. That is why she was so anxious to please you sensitive fellows from The Bronx. We know she and Phyllis will take good care of you. Her plane's larder, she tells us, will be stocked with gallons of milk and very specially ordered extra-thick steaks.

We are sure, too, that by now she will be able to chat knowingly about your own sport. If, however, she proves diffident about one facet of her own past, that is designed, too, to save your own feelings. "Unfortunately," Nancy told us, "the only baseball player I know at all is Eddie Mathews of the Braves. He was a Santa Barbara boy, you know."

Stringing Along

This archer has plenty of strings to his bow.
No wonder he's happily humming.
One string is sufficient for shooting, we know,
But the others are helpful for strumming.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Beer and Skittles

THE United States Brewers Foundation was established, with a patriotic flourish, in 1862 to help the federal government fix a tax on beer and thus help finance the Civil War. The figure mutually arrived at was $1 a barrel. In subsequent years the tax on beer has risen to $9 a barrel and the USBF has turned to less selfless tasks.

Last February, for instance, while preparing to celebrate the 25th anniversary of repeal, the USBF (to quote an interoffice memorandum) "became aware that the phrase 'beer and skittles' was a teaser of more than ordinary potency." The USBF also became aware, joyously, that a dictionary defined beer and skittles as "unruffled enjoyment" and that in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* a scrupulous reader will find this immortal teaser: "Life isn't all beer and skittles; but beer and skittles must form a good part of every Englishman's education." The USBF, with a good thing on tap, got up a "quiet survey" and became aware that most Americans thought skittles was something to eat. But the USBF knew better. They knew what skittles was—perhaps the oldest formal athletic endeavor of the western world, German monks having played it in the fourth century. The USBF forthrightly offered $1,000 for the best-preserved set of skittles in America and received a skillet, a scuttle, a kettle and word of a 14-year-old Newfoundland dog which answered to the name of Skittle, but no skittles. So they built a set and invited Sir Alan Patrick (A.P.) Herbert, wit, author, 26 years a Member of Parliament and president of the Black Lions Skittles Club of London, to come to America and show them what to do with their ruddy apparatus.

And last week Sir Alan, spare, herony, ruffled gray crest, came to the Paramus, N.J. Bowling Center wearing a double-breasted suit, a striped polo shirt, a pair of white sneakers and a look of unruffled enjoyment. Also on hand was Al (Lindy) Faragalli, squat, thick, use-

continued

ful forearms, the American Bowling Congress all-events champion, wearing a yellow shirt with his name on the back and a look of benign perplexity. "The main difference between skittles and bowling," quoth Sir Alan, who, unaccountably, shakes hands with his left hand, "is that we throw the missile while you roll it." Sir Alan and Lindy then repaired to a skittles alley, which is 21 feet long and has nine hornbeam pins or skittles, looking much like small bombs, set on a diamond-shaped platform, to have a throw at it. Sir Alan hefted the missile, which is called a "cheese,"

looks like an inflated discus, is made of lignum vitae and weighs some 12 or 14 pounds, and flung it sidearm at the skittles, knocking several down with an appropriate clatter. Each player, Sir Alan explained, gets five chances to floor the nine pins; the one that accomplishes it in the least number of throws wins the "chalk," or game. The beauty and intricacy of skittles lies in the residuary formations or "leaves," which remain after the first and second throws unless one is fortunate enough to throw a "floorer." Some of the more difficult leaves, said Sir Alan, are the Married Man's Double ("Not as easy as it looks"), the Waterloo Five ("They may fall to a single throw"), London Bridge and Two Policemen ("This is fatal. You might get them down in two throws") and Sam's Six. Sir Alan, who is 68 and a man of relative inaction, and Lindy, who is 46, tied after three vigorous chalks. Lindy then showed Sir Alan how to bowl and scored two successive strikes in the bargain. Sir Alan, after several gallant efforts and a disaster on the order of the America's Cup portending, knocked down nine pins with a slow but sure hook.

"I am particularly happy to have been invited here for this occasion by the Brewers Foundation," said Sir Alan later over a mug of beer and a pipe, "as I myself am a very old member of the Consumer's Foundation. Man, you know, has always had a natural and innocent instinct to set things up and knock them down; it builds up the body and relieves the mind. The most amazing thing I've found about bowling is that wondrous machine you've got in back; the man who thought up that could surely cure the common cold. We have to set up our own, you know, and perhaps that's one reason skittles is dying. It's a languishing game and we're not getting the younger fellows out. I don't know whether it's the television or the fact that they don't let the ladies play. I feel *that* is a regrettable error. And I must say, I'm afraid I harp on it.

"Do I like bowling? Oh, it's a wonderful game. If I were younger I'd fling myself into it."

"Skittles," said Lindy with more than ordinary potency, "is a rough proposition."

Atomic Archery

THE ENGINEERS at Los Alamos' scientific laboratory, where the first atomic and hydrogen bombs were built, have come all the way around the circle in weapon making and have returned to the bow and arrow. This came to light the other day in the course of an expansion project at Los Alamos which involved the spanning of a box canyon. The canyon was so wide that it was not feasible to throw a line across, the walls were too steep to be climbed and the Alamos engineers were temperamentally too disinclined to the use of conventional weaponry to consider gunpowder.

Archery, moreover, seems to have become a popular outdoor sport at Los Alamos, and the barely unclassified word is that scientists at play there can sometimes be seen shooting arrows at carp in the Rio Grande. Well, the outstanding Los Alamos archer is Harold Groves, a tool and die maker, who recently set a new broadhead-arrow record at a meet in Silver City, New Mexico, and has also killed two bears and four deer with his trusty bow.

It would be simple to report that Groves merely stepped up with an old Indian weapon of hickory and shot a line across the gorge for the baffled engineers. Not so, however. Groves was experimenting with bows of laminated glass and maple when he came to Los Alamos five years ago; the local physicists became interested and worked out curves and stress so that Groves's bow now looks like the Cupid's variety in a valentine, only larger. Groves attached a reel of 12-pound monofilament fishing line to the end of a broadhead arrow, stood on a rock on the canyon's rim and, assuming a resolute stance, shot with steady aim at a pine tree on the opposite side where the engineers had said they wanted the line to be dropped. It was a clear afternoon, with no wind. The arrow zipped across the gorge and embedded itself

They Said It

SAM AULD *of Sandbank, Scotland, foreman of the crew that built* Sceptre: *"Next time, we'll have to build a boat wi' the bucket up ott the water."*

SLADE CUTTER, *director of athletics at the Naval Academy, on the ruling by the Eastern College Athletic Association banning prep school help (for math tutoring, etc.) to prospective athletes: "We'll go along with it, but we don't like it. We won't allow Navy to be reduced to a second-rate power."*

BELASCO BOSSARD, *star of the Corpus Christi Giants, a Negro, on the exclusion of himself and two other Corpus Christi players (on racial grounds) from the opening of the Dixie Series in Birmingham: "We are losing the glory, the self-respect, the pride."*

in the pine tree. Engineers fastened a cord to the fishing line and hauled it back, then tied a rope to the cord and repeated the process. Groves went back to the shop to work.

The distance isn't exactly a secret, but everything at Los Alamos is conditioned by the security-conscious atmosphere, and Groves is a little guarded in saying what his bow will do, beyond hinting that, with further study, he and his fellow horizonists hope to equal the distance set by the Turks about 1,300 years ago.

The Calgary Cats

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE in Calgary, Alta. is proud of his rugged city's great oil refineries, its annual stampede ("the greatest outdoor show on earth") and its fierce competitive spirit. Up to a few weeks ago, however, very few Calgarians outside of the Calgary Cat Club cared much about cats. Not that they had anything against cats—they just didn't care.

Then, like a gauntlet stinging the face of city pride, came that outrageous challenge from Memphis, Tenn. A Memphis cat, claiming the world's championship mousing crown, had offered to come to Canada and outmouse any cat the Calgary Cat Club could put up against it.

It was a suggestion that not even local ailurophobes could tolerate for an instant. "No cotton-picking Tennessee Tom can be allowed to outdo an Alberta grain-fed cat at the ancient and honorable pursuit of catching mice," thundered the proud Calgary *Herald*. "We must win!"

Cat fanciers and civic boosters all over the province rallied to the call. The *Herald* itself began training a mouser named Headline. Trans-Canada Airlines entered their own Super-Connie-Kitty in the match. Radio station CFAC put up Cfacat, an unsavory lady of the evening with a sound reputation for tracking down her prey. One fancier came up with a cat named Pretzel, which boasted six toes on one foot—a fact that local handicappers found confusing.

In a field which seemed characterized largely by disreputability and the taint of the bar sinister, the Calgary cat deemed least likely to succeed against the Tennessee interloper was a sleek, well-mannered, purebred Siamese with the unlikely name Ferdinand Leo.

At last, after an official civic reception for the challenger, Chisca Shanghai, and a milktail party for all entries, the great day dawned. Some 900 Calgarians thronged the Cat Club to see the contest and inspect the elaborate maze through which each entry must thread his way against time to find the quarry—a carefully protected white mouse tucked away in the last compartment.

The stage was set; the cats were ready; the onlookers were tense. What happened? Well, what happened in the days of glittering calm off Newport, R.I. early last week during another great international competition? The answer: practically nothing. The Tennessee challenger poked his head in the maze and, after gazing purposefully about for two minutes, quit cold. Cat after cat followed suit, until at last, cool, calm and aristocratic, the Siamese purebred Leo strode through without hesitation to pin the quarry (completely protected) in a neat and unhurried one minute 24 seconds.

Calgary, like the American yachtsmen, had won in a walk with a plainly superior weapon. The only difficulty the Canada catmen had experienced throughout the contest concerned not cats but mice. Until the moment for the contest arrived not a single suitable mouse had been found to lure the cats. The impasse was solved only when a kindly donor came through with two small, white personal pets.

"Do we know a Chester L. Walmsley?"

NEWPORT PROVES AN OLD POINT

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of U.S. dollars and British pounds were spent; men of skill, wealth and imagination from both sides of the water gave the best of their time, talents, substance and energy to the effort; the hopes of millions of well-wishers were made to soar and the dreams of many were sent plummeting. In the end, the result was that an ornate Victorian ewer of no great value continued to sit just where it has sat for close to a century—in a glass case on a shelf in the New York Yacht Club.

So what was the point of all the excitement over the America's Cup?

There are those who claim that there was no point at all, that it was a flop, a farce, a fiasco. The most outspoken were a small group of urban sportswriters who, spoiled by years of spoon-fed climaxes supplied by well-matched contenders on turf and diamond, grid and rink, saw a contest so plainly one-sided as simply no contest at all. For those gentlemen, we can only grieve, for the point is surely there: as sharply simple as the words "I dare you" on a small boy's lips, as penetrating and universal as man's desire to strive and achieve.

Cup racing is in no sense comparable to the finals of a well-seeded tennis tournament. No phrase coined for it could be more inept than that well-worn one, "the World Series of Yachting." By definition the America's Cup is a "challenge cup," and, again by definition, a challenge is "an invitation to combat." The fact that Britain's *Sceptre* trailed hopelessly behind *Columbia* under every circumstance of wind and weather is as unimportant to the validity of the contest as the fact that David, despite a lucky shot, was once hopelessly outmatched by Goliath. "Life would have been much more fun," mourned one British yachtsman, "if *Sceptre* could have made a fight of it." But that lost hope, even in British minds, was secondary to the greater fact that the gauntlet had been bravely flung and cheerfully accepted, that the fight had been gallantly fought and the victory cleanly won.

At the end of the fourth and final race, when *Columbia* swept across

THE CUP STAYS JUST WHERE IT WAS

the finish line, far ahead once again, a garland of signal flags fluttered up to the yardarm of the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Duane* by order of the New York Yacht Club's Commodore Burr Bartram. "Mortals cannot command success," it told *Sceptre*'s Skipper Graham Mann in a paraphrase of a message flashed to Horatio Nelson after he lost his arm and much of his fleet off Teneriffe in 1797. "You and your companions have certainly deserved it."

It was a message well worthy of the contest which inspired it. *Sceptre*'s crew had sailed magnificently. They were beaten by an equally skilled crew in a boat that outclassed their own in every department as a result of numberless factors pertaining to the science of yacht design, the British economy and even the ambitions of one Adolf Hitler whose bombs had destroyed much of the data that might have helped the British to build a better boat.

The very presence of a British challenger in the waters off Brenton Reef represented a grand victory for a nation whose every ambition today is circumscribed by the need to save shillings. Despite the surly growling of a few too blind to see, newspaper readers and editors from coast to coast in the U.S. were quick to sense and respond to Britain's debonair sportsmanship. All over the land there were loyal Americans who wanted the British to win, who hoped the British would win, who knew the British could not possibly win. At Newport itself, among the thousands of eager spectators who came in every kind of craft to share in some measure the hardships and the thrills of the racing contenders, there was a feeling almost of embarrassment that the American boat was so much the better. Yet no one would have had the U.S. deliberately build a poorer boat.

Each of the four U.S. boats which spent the summer competing among themselves for the privilege of defending the cup against a boat which might well have been bested by the worst of them represented an average outlay of some $250,000, not to mention the dreams and hopes and worries of their owners and designers, the hard work, the time and the skill spent on them by their crews. They represented the very best that U.S. yachting could muster to defend a "valueless" cup it valued highly. That best proved far, far better than the best another group of yachtsmen could muster in challenge, but it in no way impaired the validity of the contest or the sporting significance of the challenge itself.

A cup racer is an expensive piece of sporting goods. The great J boats which defended the cup during the '30s cost approximately $1 million apiece. By 1939, two years after the last pre-war race, every one of them had been junked and sold for scrap. Yet last week, the designer of *Sceptre*, eager to get back to his drawing board and try again, insisted that the America's Cup should be raced for "in the biggest boats people can afford." Asked if he thought that *Sceptre*'s licking would put an end to cup racing as far as Britain was concerned, Hugh Goodson, head of the *Sceptre* syndicate, grinned broadly. "Quite frankly," he said, "I don't think we shall ever give up."

That, it seems to us, is the point of what went on off Newport. END

The true story of

WHO WAS FIRST WITH FINS

by A. Fish

"I have been delegated by the Finny Association of America (a non-profit organization) to tell the plain facts to the people of the country.

"It has come to our attention that there is a school of thought in Detroit (Michigan) which believes that the fin was invented by Chrysler Corporation.

"Nothing could be further from the truth.

"*We fish were first with fins!*

"And, I might add, we had them many, many years before The *Forward* Look was even a gleam in an automotive designer's eye.

"Oh I grant you the folks at Chrysler Corporation were first to adapt our fins to passenger cars. (In addition to being functional, as we fish know, they do add quite a flair.) To be perfectly honest, we didn't mind a bit. Imitation, you know, is the sincerest form of flattery.

"But now we understand other car manufacturers are getting into the swim in full fin. And we just know this is going to wind up in one of those ridiculous squabbles about who was first.

"So we wanted you to have the facts. Fish were first with fins. Chrysler Corporation was merely first to make them an automotive fashion."

"*P.S. My finfolk tell me the new 1959 cars of The Forward Look will be at your dealer's very soon. Come in and see them. I'll bet you'll flip!*"

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

Daniel Schwartz

Y. A. TITTLE

The Forty-Niners' great quarterback and all the other businessmen footballers are poised for their biggest year yet

by TEX MAULE

LOU GROZA kicked a field goal in the last 25 seconds to beat the Rams; the San Francisco 49ers rallied in the last quarter to win from Pittsburgh. Frank Gifford scored three touchdowns as the Giants whaled the Cardinals and the Baltimore Colts and Washington Redskins rallied for last quarter victories over the Detroit Lions and Philadelphia Eagles. The Chicago Bears, under the fierce prodding of Owner-Coach George Halas, became again the Monsters of the Midway in thwacking the Green Bay Packers. Pro football opened its league season all across the land and the stands were packed.

Back in the early days, when George Halas doubled as coach and end for the Chicago Bears, the club won a particularly bitter, bloody game against the hometown forces in rather hostile territory. Halas had prudently collected the Bears' end of the gate receipts before the game started, which was fortunate. When the final gun went off, the fans came down out of the stands in pursuit of the Bears, so Halas handed the small sack of money to George Trafton, an uninhibited center who had more to fear from friends and relatives of the losers than did any of the other Bears.

"Take care of this," Halas said hopefully, and Trafton, who had played 60 minutes of football, set out at a tired gallop for town and the safety of his hotel room. Luckily, as he turned into the highway a passing motorist offered him a lift. The gate receipts—and Trafton—survived intact.

STARTS ANOTHER SEASON

Trafton would never have made it if he had had to lug the hefty take from a modern Bear game to safety. Halas has pegged his season ticket sale at 32,000 and can look forward to six sellouts for his home games. The San Francisco 49ers, after setting a club record in season ticket sales in 1957, nearly doubled it this season with a whopping 37,400. Altogether, the 12 teams in the National Football League have now sold more than 250,000 season tickets, guaranteeing in advance at least 1,500,000 spectators, or more than the total turnout for the 1945 season. Moreover, the pros will very likely go over the 3 million mark in attendance for the first time before the 12-week season is over.

The mushrooming popularity of professional football reflects the hell-for-leather excitement of the game itself and the mature wisdom of its direction—both in the use of television and in the equitable distribution of each year's crop of available new players from college. The growing pro hold on football fans is reflected, too, in its effect on the college game. The new two-point conversion rule is certainly inspired in part by the desire of the college coaches to add drama to their own game, which often seems drab in contrast to the wide-open, professional version. The college coaches are beginning to imitate in self-defense—as witness the Army and Oklahoma razzle-dazzle in their early games this year. Forest Evashevski, the blunt, articulate coach at the University of Iowa, said in a recent luncheon talk: "College coaches must open up their offenses to compete with the pros who are making tremendous inroads through the medium of television." Iowa, he went on to say, will play a wide-open brand of football this year: "We're going to move the ball."

The drama of pro football should eventually spell the death of the stodgy split-T offensives which have slowed many college games to the tempo of a game of chess. Oklahoma, the most successful practitioner of the split-T, employed spreads, flanked halfbacks, split ends and other aspects of the pro philosophy in its first game of the season against West Virginia last Saturday.

Insuring the growing success of the pro game is the incentive offered the top college players to go on into professional football. No longer is it a vaguely disgraceful career for a young man, roughly comparable to tending bar. The pros of today are athletic businessmen—not only because they average some $9,200 per season for their efforts but also because, for many of them, the heavy money years as a pro star lead to solid business connections after they lose the half step in speed or the split second in coordination that spell success in football.

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass	Pass Comp.
Colts vs.	28	166	250	23-43
Lions	15	73	109	12-30
Bears vs.	34	146	165	9-15
Packers	20	123	139	11-24
Browns vs.	30	257	116	13-25
Rams	27	202	268	17-22
49ers vs.	23	88	234	20-33
Steelers	20	117	100	9-24
Giants vs.	37	242	43	4-10
Cardinals	7	123	207	19-35
Redskins vs.	24	212	134	10-15
Eagles	14	60	109	12-25

"I wish to God my two boys could play pro ball," Bert Bell, the belligerent, frog-voiced commissioner of the National Football League, says. "You figure a kid gets out of law school, he starts at maybe $3,600 a year. A graduate engineer, maybe five to six thousand. A good pro football player will make upward of 10 thousand, and he's got a job where he can work at something else full time for seven and a half months and part time for another two and a half months."

The pro owners, now that the turnstiles are clicking, are begining to rank with the most paternalistic in any sport. Bell estimates that they have loaned over $400,000 to players already this season. Typical is Carroll Rosenbloom, president of the Baltimore Colts, who cosigned Fullback Alan Ameche's note for $30,000 to help Ameche buy an outdoor restaurant. Don Paul of the Rams, who owns two of the most successful restaurants in Los Angeles, and countless other ex-players have been helped on their way in business by their football employers.

As the season starts, another very successful businessman, who made his start playing pro football, will be at quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers. Y. A. Tittle, a hard-working partner in a successful insurance agency near San Francisco, is right now hard at work throwing passes for the 49ers, a job he has occupied since 1951 and that he handled well enough last year to be named as the Most Valuable Player in the league by the United Press.

Tittle is a balding Texan with a droll but businesslike attitude toward his football profession. As a T quarterback he belongs among the economic royalists of the game, the men who attract the top headlines and the top salaries. It is not unusual for the quarterbacks to earn better than $20,000 for their services during a season, and Tittle has been in this happy category for some time. On pages 48–53, "Yat," as he is known to his teammates, explains some of the more important secrets of his trade, the kind of know-how that all successful businessmen cultivate on their way to the top.

▶ WEST SCOUTING REPORTS, PAGE 38

▶ EAST SCOUTING REPORTS, PAGE 45

▶ TITTLE'S QB SECRETS, PAGE 48

WESTERN CONFERENCE

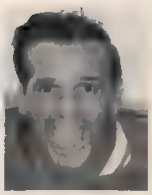
BALTIMORE COLTS

COACH: WEEB EWBANK
1957 RECORD: W 7, L 5, 3RD
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 3, T 1

UNITAS

MOORE

DAVIS



MARCHETTI

PASSING OFFENSE

With the league's most effective point-producing passer in John Unitas, able backing for him from George Shaw, and two very good short-haul receivers in Ray Berry and Jim Mutscheller, the Colt passing attack ranks with the best in the National Football League. Unitas keeps the opposing defense nervous with his threat to run if his receivers are covered, and the improvement of Fullback Alan Ameche as a receiver provides an important safety-valve target when Unitas finds all other avenues closed.

RUSHING OFFENSE

The Colts ranked fifth in rushing last season and might have done better than that if their air arm—the best in the league—had not been so effective. Coach Ewbank has an ideal combination for an effective ground game: a very fast, very strong fullback in Ameche; a faster, nearly as strong halfback in Len Moore; and a quarterback who runs well enough through the scattered defenses which invite a quarterback to run. Here the Colts suffered from a lack of seasoned depth last year; with the improvement of Billy Pricer at full and Jack Call at half, they are not as vulnerable to the pros' No. 1 bugaboo—injuries—as they were in 1957.

PASS DEFENSE

The Colts' weak spot in 1957 was pass defense; the league's best all-round offense was nullified too often by costly mistakes in the secondary defense. A year's experience plus a fine rookie defender in Ray Brown to go with Milt Davis, a great interceptor, should help. The Colt pass defense is aided by strong rushing from a great defensive line led by End Gino Marchetti; only the stress of league play can determine whether the Colt defenders have improved enough to match the offense.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The best defense against rushing in the league has been bolstered by more depth in Ray Krouse. It should remain the best.

OVER-ALL

Fumbles, lapses in pass defense and a notably inadequate punting game cost Baltimore the championship last year. Dick Horn, who tried out at quarterback with them in 1954, has solved the punting problem. The pass defense looks better. With a break on key fumbles, this could be the Colts' year.

CHICAGO BEARS

COACH: GEORGE HALAS
1957 RECORD: W 5, L 7, 6TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 6, L 0, T 0

BROWN

CASARES

ZUCCO

GEORGE

PASSING OFFENSE

If the Chicago Bears could schedule their late games in California, Quarterback Ed Brown might lead the league in passing. He has the arm and the eye but an inexplicable inability to coordinate the two when the weather turns cold. However, the Bears, once again being coached by their stern, hard-driving owner, George Halas, have capable quarterback relief plus one of football's greatest receivers in the incredible Harlon Hill. Bill McColl and Bob Carey are good receivers, too, and if Jim Dooley recovers from an injured ankle in time, the Bear air attack could be the best. A revamped offensive line should give the passers more time.

RUSHING OFFENSE

When Halas took over as head coach again, one of his first moves was to rebuild the Bear secondary defense. This freed J. C. Caroline for offensive duty. Caroline shares a halfback post with Willie Galimore, and the two give the Bears a blistering fast outside running attack which militates against any defense stacking up the middle to halter the running of Fullback Rick Casares. Casares is one of the two or three best fullbacks in the league. The addition of Rookie Willie Lee and veteran Abe Gibron to the offensive line helps erase a 1957 Bear debit—line blocking.

PASS DEFENSE

Only one regular player from the 1957 Bear secondary is likely to see much service this year. Vic Zucco, a second-year man, will lend a mite of experience to a vastly improved pass defense assembled from the service (Charles Sumner), the Rams (Jess Whittenton) and the draft (Erich Barnes). Cagy old Clark Shaughnessy has been coaching this part of the Bears' machinery.

RUSHING DEFENSE

An immense, veteran line, backstopped by Bill George, the only linebacker in the league rated on a par with Detroit's Joe Schmidt, makes it unlikely anyone will go far against the Bears on the ground.

OVER-ALL

This year looks like the best for the Bears since the great teams of the early '40s. They have speed and thumping power on the ground, the best receiver and two of the better passers in the league and an improved offensive line and defensive secondary.

DETROIT LIONS

COACH: GEORGE WILSON
1957 RECORD: W 8, L 4
(WON WESTERN CONFERENCE AND LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS)
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 4, T 0

ROTE

JOHNSON

LARY

SCHMIDT

PASSING OFFENSE

Although Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote, the two Texans who comprise the best corps of quarterbacks in professional football, have had trouble buying a touchdown pass in preseason games, there is no cause for alarm. Wilson uses exhibitions to test new talent and beef up his running attack. When the games count in the standings, Layne and Rote will be as effective as ever. Their receivers Jim Doran, Steve Junker, Dave Middleton, Hopalong Cassady and Gene Gedman -- are both numerous and good.

RUSHING OFFENSE

As a graduate of George Halas' Chicago Bears, Detroit Coach George Wilson places an inordinate emphasis on the ability to move a football by knocking people down. He has spent much of the preseason developing this talent in the Lions. The addition of Rookie Bill Glass at center in a vigorous offensive line helps the blocking; John Henry Johnson is still a valuable fullback, and the Lions have stepped up backfield speed with Rookies Ken Webb and Dan Lewis. Their running attack recently has been more of a crunch than a dazzle, but it should certainly gladden Wilson's heart and accomplish his purpose, that of opening the defense for the Lions' great passers.

PASS DEFENSE

The Detroit secondary defense has, for several years, been considered the best in the league. It is back nearly intact—Carl Karilivacz was traded to make room for Rookie Dave Whitsell, who should have little trouble fitting into the battle-wise veteran combination of Jim David, Jack Christiansen, Yale Lary and Terry Barr. Strong rushing from a big, active line helps make the deep men look good.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The Lions have a veteran line with a great trio of linebackers in Bob Long, Joe Schmidt and Roger Zatkoff. Schmidt is probably the best in football—quick as a hunting cat, reliable as a treasury bond.

OVER-ALL

The Lions have the ingredients for success. The question is one of age; Layne and Rote are 31 and 30, Jim Doran 31, and others are as old or older. A strong leavening of youth from the rookies and second-year men will help, but these oldsters face a stronger conference and a long, long season.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

COACH: RAY McLEAN
1957 RECORD: W 3, L 9, 6TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 3, T 0

HOWTON

HORNUNG

DILLON

BETTIS

PASSING OFFENSE

With the continued development of Bart Starr and more perceptive passing from Babe Parilli, the Green Bay air offense may be one of the more effective in pro football. Starr has matured quickly in two years; he is a quick, analytical quarterback with a strong arm and a sixth sense which allows him to spot flaws in a defense in a hurry. Parilli, whose principal trouble heretofore has been an inability to find a secondary target if his chosen receiver was covered, seems to have developed better peripheral vision. The Packer receiving department is led by All-Pro End Bill Howton, with an unusual number of good receivers behind him, including Max McGee, Gary Knafelc, Ron Kramer and Steve Meilinger. The Packers rank with any team in the league in topflight pass catchers on hand.

RUSHING OFFENSE

A healthy Howie Ferguson and a determined Paul Hornung combine to give Green Bay real power on the ground. Don McIlhenny provides the speed, with Al Carmichael an acceptable utility man. Injuries—six assorted bone fractures—hobbled the Packer offense last year. With an adequate offensive line to pry cracks in the defense, the Packer running—especially inside—looks better.

PASS DEFENSE

A defensive line strengthened by off-season trades (Len Ford from Cleveland and J. D. Kimmel from Washington) should take some pressure off the Packer secondary defenders, who led the league in interceptions in 1957. John Petitbon has retired, but the other three deep men, headed by All-Pro Bobby Dillon, are back. Dan Currie, a rookie from Michigan State, lends up-close assistance.

RUSHING DEFENSE

Ford and Kimmel lend considerable authority to the Packer defensive line. Currie joins veteran Linebackers Tom Bettis and Bill Forester; and Carlton Massey, another ex-Brown, adds depth. The fiercest scrimmages in Packer history attest to the competition for positions.

OVER-ALL

The Packers should be the most improved team in the Western Conference. Depth, aided by judicious trades and good rookies, should help free the team from the possibility of disastrous injuries which accounted for the 3–9 season in 1957.

LOS ANGELES RAMS

COACH: SID GILLMAN
1957 RECORD: W 6, L 6, 4TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 4, L 2, T 0

WADE

ARNETT

SHERMAN

RICHTER

PASSING OFFENSE

When Coach Sid Gillman could not resolve his differences with Norman Van Brocklin, he gave up probably the best passer in professional football. Relying now on Bill Wade, Gillman may find trouble untracking a strong enough passing offense. Behind Wade is Frank Ryan, an atomic physics major from Rice, who is also a good passer. In front of Wade are some very good receivers—Jon Arnett, Leon Clarke, Lamar Lundy and Del Shofner. The Rams have adequate replacements for these receivers; a serious injury to any one of them would not hurt much.

RUSHING OFFENSE

Ron Waller, one of the best running backs in the league, will be out for one or two games with a shoulder separation. Arnett, most valuable to the club as an end, has been moved to halfback to take up the slack. Tom Wilson, a fine runner two years ago, has not regained his rookie form; Joe Marconi, the Ram fullback, is a sound, strong runner but his replacement, Rookie Jim Jones, is small. The Rams are clearly thin in the running department, where more injuries occur than at any other position in pro football.

PASS DEFENSE

The Rams, with plenty of experience in their secondary defense, called up a leaky spot by obtaining Jim Harris from Philadelphia on a trade and can depend on strong defensive end play to apply pressure on opposing quarterbacks. Will Sherman is the old head among the defensive backs. In this trade in which experience is probably the most valuable asset, the Ram secondary appears sound and sure.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The addition of John (Bigger Daddy) Baker to the Ram defensive line at tackle and some personnel juggling should bring that line up from a journeyman group to a good one. The Rams' fine linebackers—Les Richter, Dick Daugherty and Larry Morris—did much to cover up the holes in the Ram line. The Rams leaked for 1,845 yards on the ground last season, and figure to do better in 1958.

OVER-ALL

If the Rams' starting offensive and defensive units remain healthy, the Los Angeles team could improve on last year's record. But the club lost too much in offensive ends (Hirsch and Boyd), running backs and at quarterback to be thoroughly sound.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

COACH: FRANK ALBERT
1957 RECORD: W 8, L 4, TIED FOR 1ST (LOST TO DETROIT IN CONFERENCE PLAYOFF)
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 3, T 0

TITTLE

McELHENNY

MOEGLE

NOMELLINI

PASSING OFFENSE

When All-Pro End Billy Wilson injured his shoulder in a preseason game, it cost the 49ers the services of probably the finest all-round pass catcher in the league, with the possible exception of Harlon Hill. Since this team reflects the hell-for-leather, gamble-and-be-damned personality of Frankie Albert remarkably well, any impairment of its reckless passing game will hurt. In Jim Pace and Abe Woodson, Albert has a couple of very fast rookies who can serve as targets for Y.A. Tittle and John Brodie. Tittle is one of the most consistent throwers in the business, and Brodie has shown signs of greatness-to-be. Clyde Connor, the acrobat, and R. C. Owens, who brought basketball to the gridiron with his amazing leaping catches last season, create an inviting target area for the quarterbacks. This could be the best pass offense in the league.

RUSHING OFFENSE

Joe Perry, the 31-year-old 49er fullback, is looking better than he has for four years; Hugh McElhenny, the once-incomparable halfback, is ready. Since the Perry-McElhenny wallop has been one of the best punches in pro football for several years, the San Francisco running is solid. Albert has solid help for the big two in Gene Babb at fullback and Pace or Woodson at half.

PASS DEFENSE

The most porous secondary in the league will probably continue to leak. Albert has patched up his umbrella in spots—Jerry Mertens, the 49ers' 20th draft selection, may be the best defensive halfback on the team after Dicky Moegle. A robust defensive line and quick linebackers help the pass defense, but not enough.

RUSHING DEFENSE

A bulky veteran line which includes Leo Nomellini, a small mountain of all-pro muscle at tackle, should discourage running by the 49er opposition. The linebackers—Matt Hazeltine, Marv Matuszak and Karl Rubke—are good.

OVER-ALL

The 49ers were superlative opportunists last season. They won several games in the closing seconds. Clearly, they cannot expect the same luck; they may not need it, since, next to Green Bay, they have improved more than any team in the division.

SCOUTING REPORTS CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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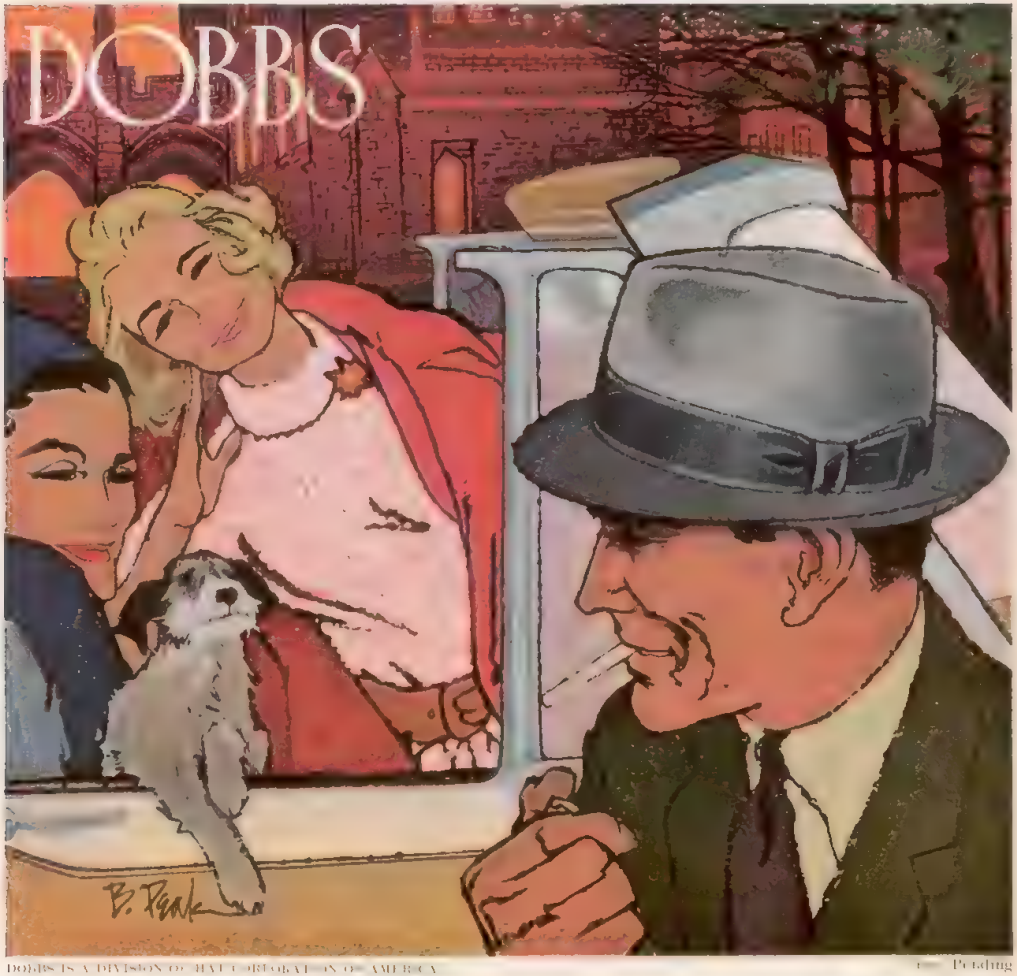

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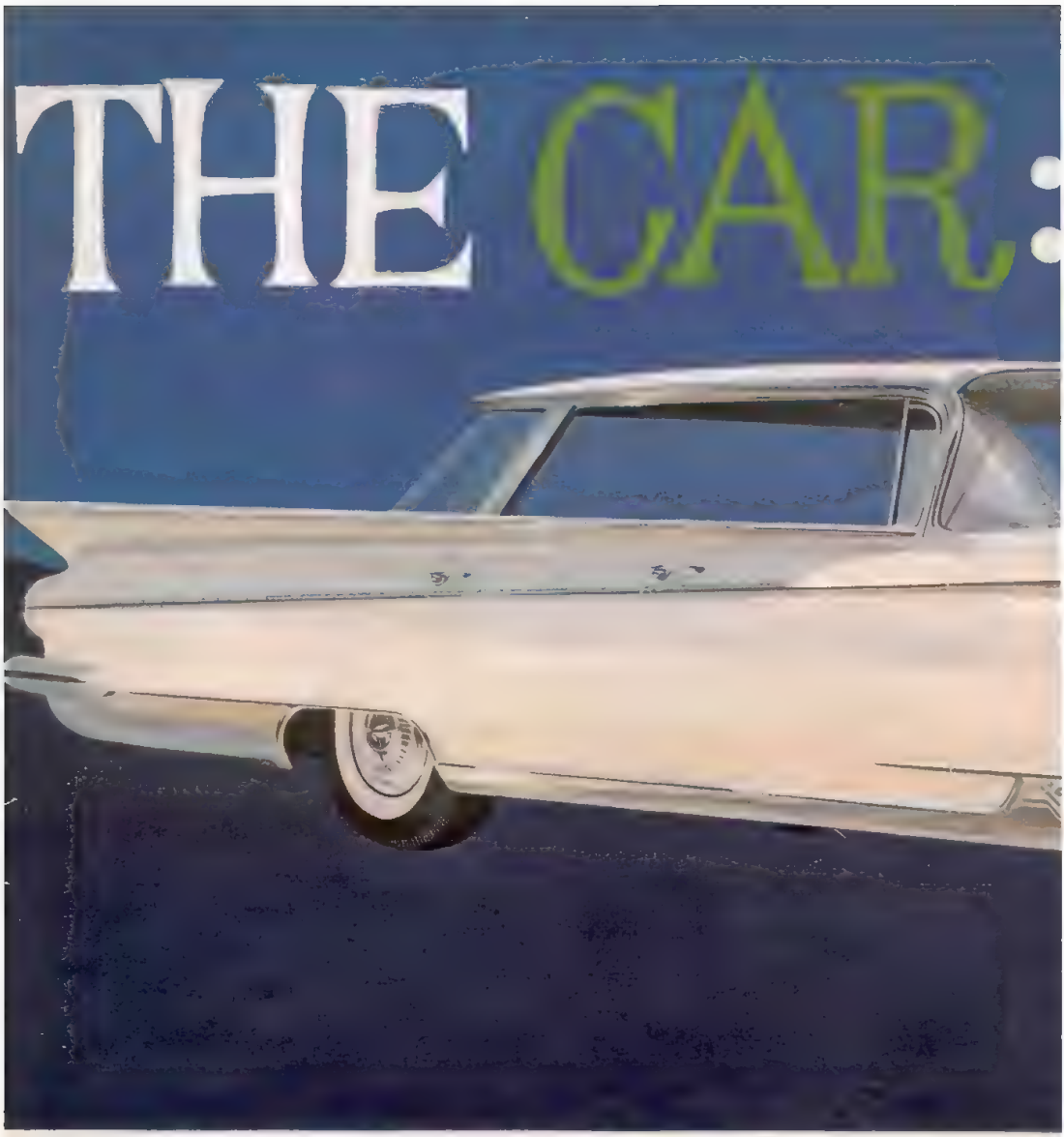

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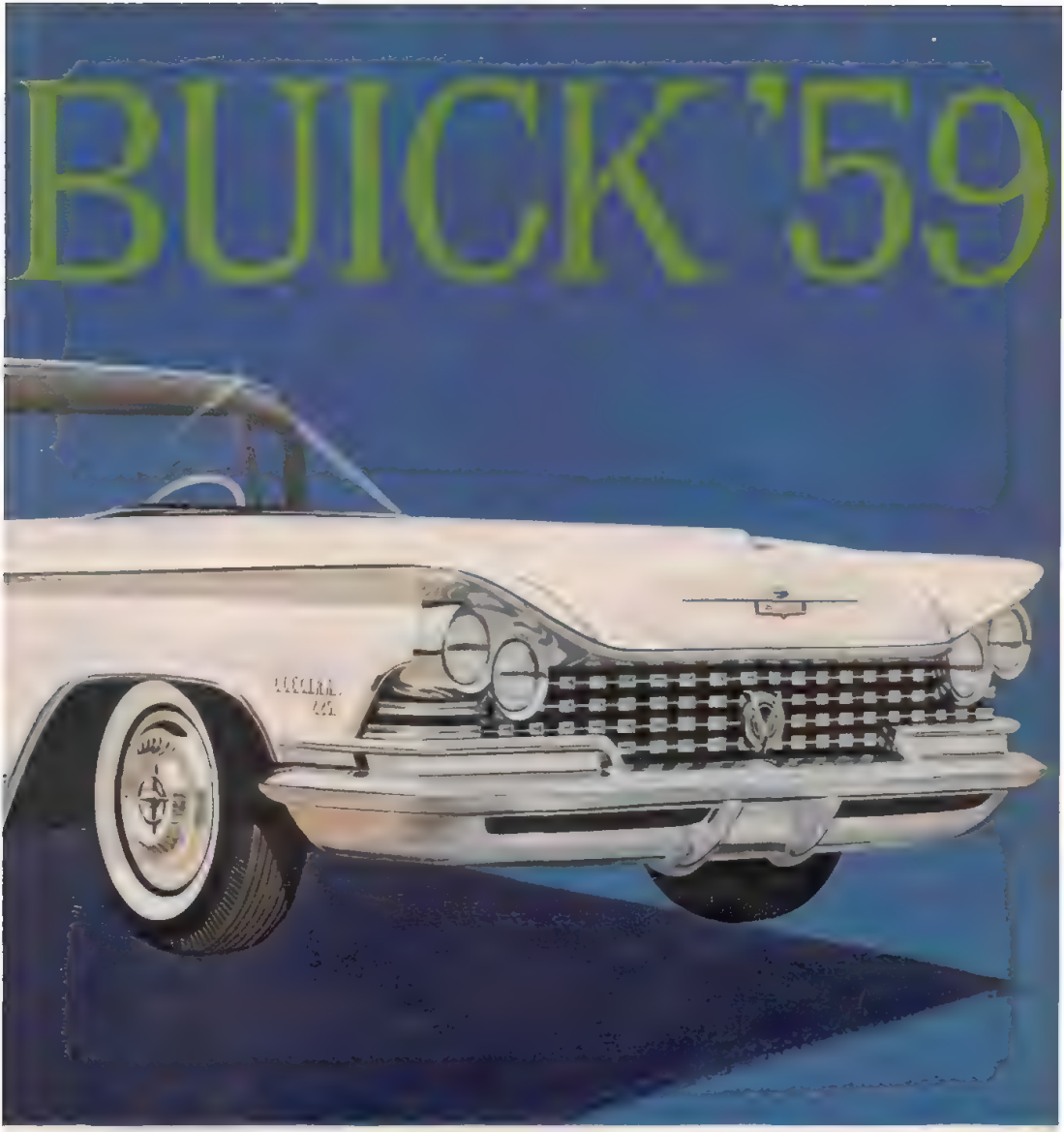

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EASTERN CONFERENCE

CHICAGO CARDINALS

COACH: FRANK IVY
1957 RECORD: W 3, L 9, 6TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 2, T 1

McHAN

MATSON

LANE

SUGAR

PASSING OFFENSE

A lack of really great receivers may handicap the Chicago Cardinal offense this year. Lamar McHan, a competent quarterback, has Gern Nagler and Max Boydston at ends, Ollie Matson at halfback as his principal targets. No one of them ranks with the topflight receivers in the league. McHan will find his targets getting out more quickly from Pop Ivy's double-wing T, which posts the halfbacks a yard outside of the ends and a yard back; whether this formation will compensate for the lack of adequate pass-protection blocking is doubtful.

RUSHING OFFENSE

Ollie Matson, who played most of the 1957 season underweight after a bout with Asian flu, is healthy again. At 210, Matson is a big halfback who runs like a sprinter and hits like a fullback. He's probably the most respected running back in professional football. Mel Hammack has replaced Johnny Olszewski at fullback; he is a strong blocker and a journeyman runner. The Cardinal running is helped considerably by the addition of Rookie John Crow of Texas A&M, who shares a halfback post with veteran Joe Childress. King Hill, the Rice quarterback, lends depth to the end and backfield corps, since he plays either position, plus defensive halfback.

PASS DEFENSE

Bobby Joe Conrad, who kicked his first field goal in the All-Star Game this August, will kick field goals for the Cardinals, but his most valuable contribution to the team may come at defensive halfback, where the Cards were notably weak last year. Moving into a combination which includes veteran Dick Lane, Conrad can make a tremendous difference in the Chicago pass defense. Poor rushing of the passer hurts, too.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The Cardinals have a massive, nearly immovable front line keyed by Leo Sugar. Lack of speed in the immediate secondary may hurt.

OVER-ALL

With a new coach and a new offense, the Cardinals may have a certain element of surprise going for them in early games. However, the team has defects on defense which will have to be remedied by trades or by judicious drafting -a long process.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

COACH: PAUL BROWN
1957 RECORD: W 9, L 2, T 1, 1ST
(LOST TO DETROIT FOR LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP)
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 3, T 0

PLUM

BROWN

LAHR

MICHAELS

PASSING OFFENSE

Milt Plum, who has the demanding job of making Cleveland fans and Paul Brown forget Otto Graham, may do it this year. Not that Plum will reach the perfection of the old Brown quarterback so quickly; he'll have a team with so explosive an offensive potential that it may erase the memory of even the best of previous Brown teams. Tremendous running will make the Brown passing even more dangerous, and it was strong enough anyway with Plum and Jim Ninowski, the All-Star sensation, throwing to topnotch receivers Ray Renfro, Preston Carpenter, Bobby Mitchell (another All-Star ace) and Frank Clarke.

RUSHING OFFENSE

If the Brown rushing offense last season lacked anything, it was a great breakaway halfback. This year the Browns have two—Bobby Mitchell and Leroy Bolden. With the opposition constantly on guard against Fullback Jim Brown's smashes through the middle of the line, Mitchell and Bolden have found running room outside. The Cleveland running attack should be the best, by a long stride, in the East.

PASS DEFENSE

The Brown defense is unchanged: it's excellent. Len Ford was traded to Green Bay. Bill Quinlan moved over from the opposite end to take over Ford's spot, with Paul Wiggin replacing Quinlan. With this realignment the Browns will apply their customary crushing pressure on opposing passers. The very good deep defenders remain as a unit, with the old pro, Warren Lahr, back again to direct the complicated choreography of pass defense in the secondary.

RUSHING DEFENSE

Aside from Ford, the Brown defense, second-best in league last year --will be the same, with the exception of one linebacker post, where Tom Catlin or Galen Fiss will replace Chuck Noll, moved to offense. Walt Michaels is the mastermind.

OVER-ALL

With their rushing offense improved, the passing attack better and the defense the same except for the added wisdom of a year's competition, the Browns look like the best in the East by a comfortable margin. It's probably the beginning of a new Cleveland Brown dynasty.

NEW YORK GIANTS

COACH: JIM LEE HOWELL
1957 RECORD: W 7, L 5, 2ND
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 1, L 5, T 0

CONERLY

KING

HUFF

GRIER

PASSING OFFENSE

Charley Conerly has thrown more touchdown passes than any quarterback still active in the National Football League. At 37, he is the oldest quarterback in the league, too. A good deal of the passing effectiveness of the Giants depends on how these two facts balance out. Conerly has shown no signs of the erosion of age, but the leather-tough veteran is eventually going to feel the strain of an 18-game season. Conerly and Don Heinrich, the other Giant quarterback, have an advantage this year in that they have two very fast receivers to throw to in Rookies Phil King of Vanderbilt and Don Maynard of Texas Western something the Giants have lacked during recent seasons. In Kyle Rote, Frank Gifford, Bob Schnelker and Ken MacAfee, the throwers also have sturdy bread-and-butter yardage catchers.

RUSHING OFFENSE

The addition of King to the Giant backfield is the only real change in the New York running game. King, who is big as well as fast and runs the ball with an apparent disregard for the consequences, will be helpful at fullback or halfback since he can rest the good but mature Giant regulars, Gifford and Triplett.

PASS DEFENSE

Three of the six men the Giants used in their defensive secondary last year are missing; in preseason games the new Giant pass defense unit leaked woefully. With an old head like Emlen Tunnell to integrate the secondary unit, plus strong rushing from players like Andy Robustelli and Roosevelt Grier, who may play end, the Giant pass defense should improve as the season goes along.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The return of Grier from the service lends considerable muscle to the Giant defensive line, which has been noted for its impenetrability for several years. The trio of knowledgeable linebackers who calk the cracks is back intact, led by Sam Huff, one of the toughest middlebackers in the league. Andy Robustelli, the all-pro end, is hard to move and harder to fool.

OVER-ALL

The Giants, standing pat on an offensive backfield which has weathered several campaigns, may begin to feel their age. Rookies like King and Maynard help the offense; rookies in the defensive secondary will cost touchdowns— maybe too many.

PHILA-DELPHIA EAGLES

COACH: BUCK SHAW
1957 RECORD: W 4, L 8, 5TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 3, T 0

VAN BROCKLIN

PEAKS

NORTON

BEDNARIK

PASSING OFFENSE

When the Philadelphia Eagles acquired Norman Van Brocklin from the Los Angeles Rams, it inspired old pro Pete Pihos to buy two pairs of football shoes and contemplate returning from retirement. Pete reconsidered, but his enthusiasm indicates the effect the Dutchman has had on Eagle morale. Probably the finest passer in professional football, the stubborn Van Brocklin could not get along with Ram Coach Sid Gillman. His presence at least doubles the passing threat of the Philadelphia team. Van has more than competent receivers in Bobby Walston, Tommy McDonald and Bill Barnes, who led the team in both rushing and receiving last year. A couple of rookies – speedy Dale Ems of Bradley and Andy Nacrelli from Fordham and Canadian football – add zest to the Eagle receiving line.

RUSHING OFFENSE

Here, too, the Eagles look stronger. The running backs are big, muscled and young. Barnes, a thump-along runner, is a fine fullback; his constant threat inside tackle adds to the effectiveness of Walt Kowalczyk and Clarence Peaks wide. The Eagles, however, will get no running from their new quarterback. Van Brocklin moves with all the speed and elusiveness of a pregnant hippopotamus.

PASS DEFENSE

The Eagle secondary defense is tested and cohesive. Jerry Norton, who was injured in preseason competition, should be ready for the season; he has a strong supporting cast in Ed Bell, Tom Brookshier and Rocky Ryan. The shift of Chuck Bednarik from defense to offense points up the strength of the Eagle linebackers.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The Eagle big four—the four who man the line of scrimmage—represent something more than a thousand pounds of humanity. Don Owens, Sid Youngelman, Jesse Richardson and Marion Campbell may be the best defensive line in the Eastern Conference. The linebackers are tough, quick and sure. Pellegrini and Bob Hudson share Bednarik's old post at middlebacker.

OVER-ALL

Aside from a possible lack of depth in the defensive secondary and in running backs, the Eagles have the heft to give Cleveland a good argument for the Eastern Conference title. The addition of Van Brocklin is the key to the Eagle improvement.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

COACH: BUDDY PARKER
1957 RECORD: W 6, L 6, 3RD
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 4, T 0

MORRALL

MATHEWS

BUTLER

TARASOVIC

PASSING OFFENSE

The Pittsburgh quarterbacks—Earl Morrall and Len Dawson—lack experience. Morrall is the best; if he enjoys a normal improvement over last season, he could be very good indeed. The receivers are good, with Jack McClairen, who led the East with 46 catches last season, the prime target for short passes. Jimmy Orr, a Ram castoff, looks good, but the Steelers need someone who can go down deep for the long ones. Ray Mathews, who plays end or slot back, fills that requirement but Mathews is out for part of the season with a broken foot.

RUSHING OFFENSE

The Steelers' running game is still a patchwork affair, with Buddy Parker, an astute and indefatigable trader, still hoping to put together a successful combination. Parker traded for the Rams' Tank Younger, an elderly but still strong fullback. Another trade—for Tom Tracy, the stumpy, thick-legged Detroit fullback—went awry when Tracy suffered a neck injury in the last exhibition game of the season. Billy Reynolds, a veteran from Cleveland, should help, but Parker's ground forces are thin.

PASS DEFENSE

With five deep backs who have speed, experience and the advantage of having worked as a unit for a couple of seasons, the Steelers were second only to the Browns in yards allowed in this department in 1957 and should be even better this year. Jack Butler led the Eastern Conference with 10 interceptions last season; his running mates specialized in knocking passes down. Dale Dodrill, one of the league's best linebackers, is a cat on pass defense. The Steelers have, in abundance, one of the rarest birds in pro football—the topnotch defensive halfback.

RUSHING DEFENSE

Some have accused Parker of being primarily a defensive coach. He may be. So is Paul Brown. The Steeler running defense, led by George Tarasovic, is strong on the first unit, with Dodrill the key.

OVER-ALL

Parker will probably have to depend on defense again this season, due in most part to the lack of a sound running game. If he turns up a surprise runner, the passing is good enough and the Steelers could improve on last year's 6-6 record.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

COACH JOE KUHARICH
1957 RECORD: W 5, L 6, T 1, 4TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 3, T 0

LeBARON

BOSSELER

JAMES

BRITO

PASSING OFFENSE

With Eddie LeBaron, the only practicing magician left among pro quarterbacks, and Rudy Bukich and Ralph Guglielmi, the Redskins have as versatile a trio of quarterbacks as any team in the league. LeBaron, who is as hard to catch as a hummingbird, is not a great long passer. But he is crisp on short throws; Bukich can loft a ball 60 yards with a flick of the wrist. The Redskin receivers are good, particularly Joe Walton, Dick James, Johnny Carson and Don Bosseler, the big fullback. LeBaron's ability to squirm away from tacklers adds to the time his receivers have to get clear. The Redskin blocking helps LeBaron survive.

RUSHING OFFENSE

The Redskin ground game is built around the thundering running of Bosseler, a 215-pound fullback with exceptional speed. Leo Elter, his understudy, is small for a fullback, but he has a water-bug quickness which sneaks him out of tacklers' arms. Mike Sommer, a Washington, D.C. boy who has played high school and college football in his home town, may stick with the team as a specialist in punt returns. The Washington running offense has size, speed and versatility.

PASS DEFENSE

The Redskins have the *sine qua non* of a good pass defense—experienced defensive halfbacks. Their trio of Norb Hecker, Doyle Nix and Joe Scudero has been on hand long enough to understand the complications of covering National Football League receivers. The Redskin defensive line is headed by Gene Brito, who missed most of the exhibition games with an injury. Brito is ready for the league season, however, and he is one of the better pass rushers in the business.

RUSHING DEFENSE

The Redskin defensive line is solid at end, with Brito and Chet Ostrowski, but the middle appears vulnerable. Chuck Drazenovich, the rock-hard middle linebacker, takes up some of that slack; actually, no pro line is easy to run against.

OVER-ALL

Strong passing complemented by good power running from fullback and more than adequate outside speed makes the Redskin attack a versatile and powerful one. The Redskin pass defense is good, the running defense adequate. The Skins look better.

SECRETS OF A PRO QUARTERBACK

by Y. A. TITTLE
Told to Tex Maule

Drawings by Daniel Schwartz

LET'S start at the beginning. For a quarterback that's the first time your team has possession of the ball. That's a special problem in Kezar Stadium, where the 49ers play at home. There's a strong wind blowing in your face if you decide to receive—and all pro clubs decide to receive. That means you got to make a couple of first downs in that first series. If you don't, you're punting from deep in your own territory, and you kick to a pro club and they get possession on their 40 and a couple of minutes later—boom—you're behind at least 3-0. So that first series is important.

To me, the first play is important. The club is cold and nervous and it needs a lift, so I like to call a play that does something. That means it gains a few yards, so that when the players come back to the huddle they feel like they have accomplished something. We're blessed with a real great fullback who starts like an explosion, so I like to start with a play that sends Joe Perry up the gut. Joe's a guy who starts like a fast halfback and hits like an irritable rhinoceros, and he'll pick up yards for you any time you ask him to. So the club comes back from that first play with a feeling of accomplishment.

I don't count out the bombs. Sure, if you find a defect in the opposition defense, you shoot for the big one. Only I've been burned enough on the long pass to be real cautious. The game's got to be moving before you make the good calls. You got to be making yardage. I believe in success. The mechanics of design are easier then. You run off-tackle and make five, you come back. I come back three or four times. We create a pattern that way, and the defense adjusts to meet that pattern and you try something else. You can't adjust without leaving a hole—that's why a quarterback is important. He gets to recognize the holes instinctively after a little while.

Not that the quarterback is a dictator. Call him an organizer. I'm a strong believer in public opinion. When a tackle comes back and says, for instance, Don Joyce of Baltimore is anxious and he's coming across in a hurry, I'll call a trap. But this public opinion has to be organized. We talk these things over on the way back to the huddle. Once I'm down in the middle of the huddle, it's over. I'm the guy who's got to run the show then. But, like I said, I need help, all I can get.

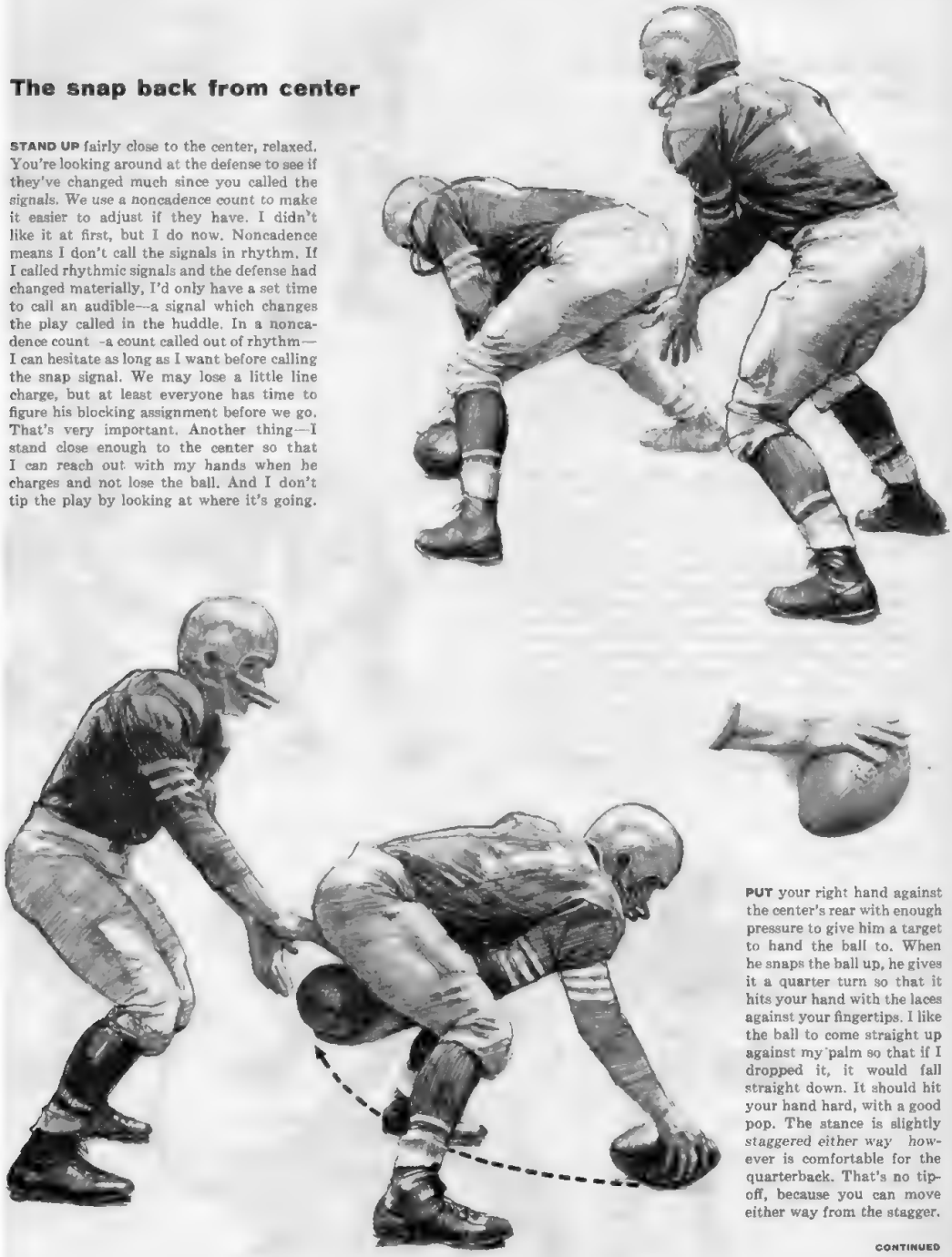
We spend a lot of time—more than we spend practicing—on deciding what we can do to any given team. After you've been in the league a while, you know about what the individuals on the other side of the line can do, too. Remember the Ram linebacker, Don Paul? He was one of the best in the league. You run inside on Don and he'd cremate the ball carrier. But he wasn't fast enough to cover to the outside on a pass and he wasn't the best open-field tackler in the league, either. But he'd kill you up the middle. So you wouldn't run against his strength. You did what you could against his weakness.

I guess at first I got burned as often as any quarterback in the league on long passes. That's a good play for the quarterback. It looks good and the results are good, but the odds are bad. It took me a while to figure out that I'm just as well off throwing the ball to McElhenny, 15 yards away, and letting him run the other 50 yards for the touchdowns. I don't throw the long one now unless the situation is right. Most of the clubs in the league will give you the short one to cut off the long pass. Take Emlen Tunnell, the Giant safety. You can throw under him—in front of him—all day. But don't try to throw the deep one. He'll be there. Take Dick Lane of the Cardinals. I tried a few in the flat against Lane. This guy has arms two feet longer than most—or they look that way. He makes a small mistake and recovers so fast he's got an interception on you. I guess Jim David of the Lions has hurt me as much as most. He's an aggressive, tough player. Once in a while he gets anxious to come up on a pass and I've burned him on that. You run a couple of hooks and he comes in flying, then you run a hook and go, and if you're lucky, he can't backtrack fast enough.

A pro quarterback can't afford many mistakes. That's what makes football such an interesting game.

The snap back from center

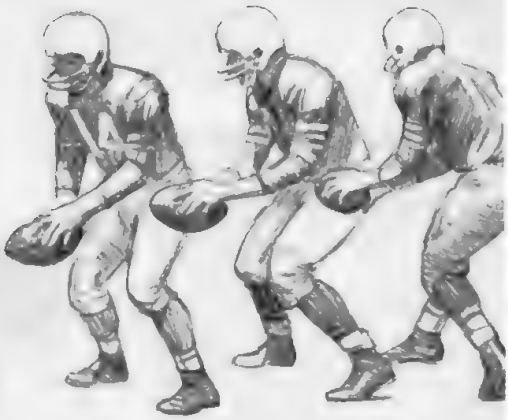
STAND UP fairly close to the center, relaxed. You're looking around at the defense to see if they've changed much since you called the signals. We use a noncadence count to make it easier to adjust if they have. I didn't like it at first, but I do now. Noncadence means I don't call the signals in rhythm. If I called rhythmic signals and the defense had changed materially, I'd only have a set time to call an audible—a signal which changes the play called in the huddle. In a noncadence count -a count called out of rhythm— I can hesitate as long as I want before calling the snap signal. We may lose a little line charge, but at least everyone has time to figure his blocking assignment before we go. That's very important. Another thing—I stand close enough to the center so that I can reach out with my hands when he charges and not lose the ball. And I don't tip the play by looking at where it's going.



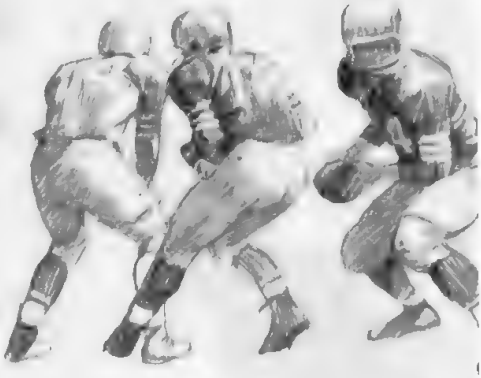
PUT your right hand against the center's rear with enough pressure to give him a target to hand the ball to. When he snaps the ball up, he gives it a quarter turn so that it hits your hand with the laces against your fingertips. I like the ball to come straight up against my palm so that if I dropped it, it would fall straight down. It should hit your hand hard, with a good pop. The stance is slightly *staggered either way* however is comfortable for the quarterback. That's no tip-off, because you can move either way from the stagger.

CONTINUED

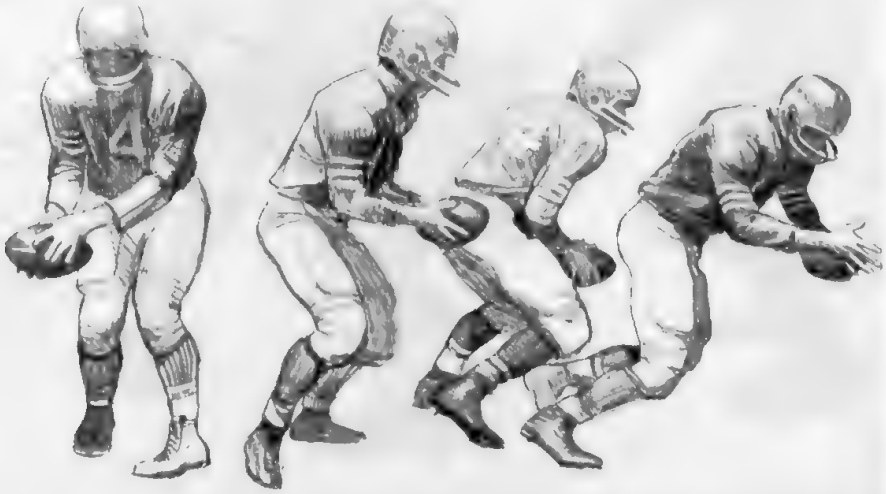
The hand-off, the pitchout and the bootleg

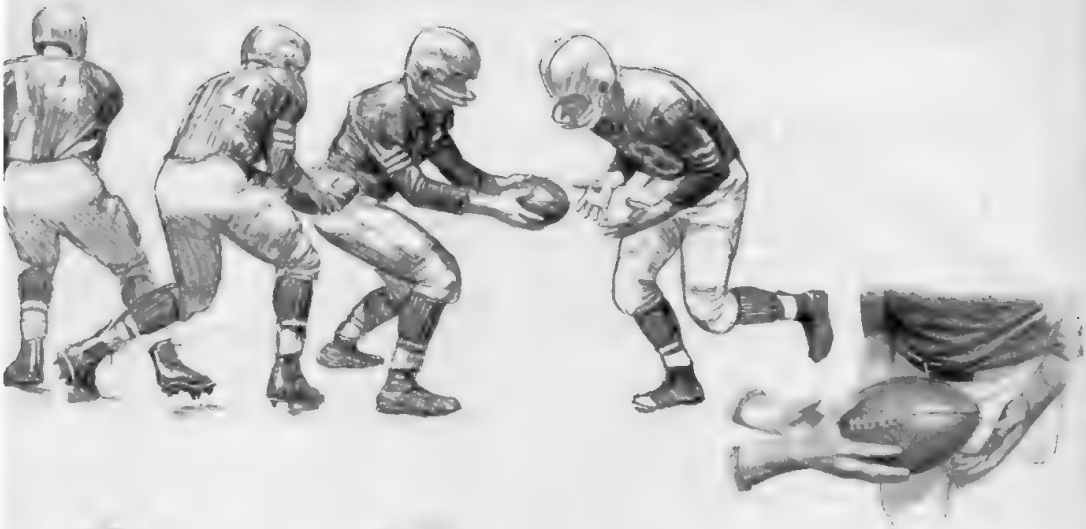


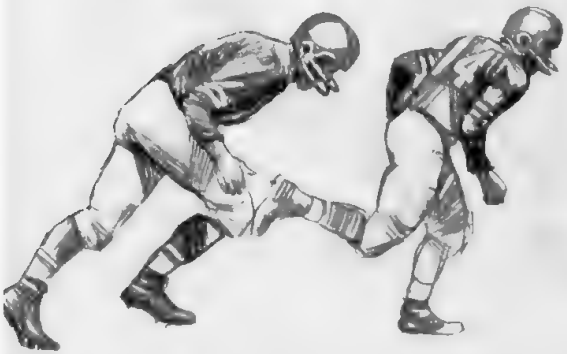
A HAND-OFF IS FAKED with one hand by many quarterbacks. They hide the ball on their hips or in their stomachs and stick out an empty hand to the faking halfback. Who is fooled by that? The linemen and the linebackers are looking for the ball. If they see an empty hand offered a halfback or a fullback they forget that ball carrier. I fake with the ball in both hands; put it in the back's belly, then if he's not the intended carrier take it away again. You give the linemen and the backers a look at the ball and create a doubt in their minds as to whether this particular back is going to get it. You're not trying to get a pro player to go all the way for the fake—to move out of his position to chase a faking back. What you want to do is make him doubtful enough so that he will stay put long enough for the blockers to reach him—the way he was drawn as an X on the play diagram.



FOR A PITCHOUT, you also keep both hands on the ball. When I hand the ball to a back, I put it against his belt buckle with a slight tap –not too hard. We want our backs to run with their hands in a natural running position, then take the ball with both hands at hip level. If I'm going to pitch out, I take the ball away from the back, pull it into my stomach, then throw it with both hands out to the receiver. You see quarterbacks make the pitchout with one hand sometimes, their arms pulled back behind them like a softball pitcher. Maybe it works for them. But I'd hate to have a lineman come through and hit me when I've got that ball in one hand; a good tackler might steal the ball from you. With two hands, you've got a good grip and good control. And, with a little practice, you can learn to throw as hard and as far with a two-hand shot from the hip. And keep your rear low on the spin—that helps hide the ball from the defense.







THE BOOTLEG: Some quarterbacks, like Eddie LeBaron of the Redskins, depend on pure deception to get around the end on a bootleg (*left*). I don't go that route. I like to work against the pressure of our blockers. A defender has a natural tendency to put pressure against any block. What I want to do is get outside of the defensive end, quick, while he's working against the blocker. For instance, I fake to Perry up the middle, fake to McElhenny off tackle. The end is trying to come down the line toward the flow of the other backs against the pressure of a blocker and, if I'm lucky, I'm around him before he can react. There are ends in the league you never get around; I've never been able to run a bootleg against Andy Robustelli, for instance. I couldn't do it when he was with the Rams, and I can't do it now when he's with the Giants. After I get outside the end, I hide the ball on my hip from the linebackers and the halfbacks and I decide whether to throw or to run by the way they react to the situation. If they come up fast, thinking it's a run, I throw and vice versa. Of course, a good part of the success of a bootleg depends on the acting ability of the other backs. They've got to hit in there just like they had the ball. If they quit too soon, it leaves me out there undressed, no blockers, with a couple of linebackers and maybe a corner back drawing a bead on me. It's not a comfortable—or a healthy—spot to be in. Normally, I'll run the bootleg to my right—it's easier for a right-handed passer to throw while he's running to his right.

CONTINUED

How to throw a forward pass

YOU'RE BORN with a certain amount of depth perception. If you haven't got enough, you'll never be a good passer. The rest you can pick up by practice. For instance, figuring how much to lead a receiver is a matter of intense practice and timing and every receiver is different. After a while it becomes automatic. I know, unconsciously, when and how far to lead the receivers on the 49ers. And you can't overemphasize the importance of receivers running their patterns precisely. If they don't do what I expect them to do, the odds on an interception are good.

The motion in passing (*below*) is a lot like the motion in any throw, or even in hitting a golf ball or a baseball. You lead with the left side. Your weight's back on your right foot, then you move forward with your left and your arm and shoulder follow and you wind up on the left foot, following through with your right arm like a pitcher. Once in a while you see a passer fake a throw once or twice. I don't do that unless it's a stop-and-go pass, where I fake when the receiver stops, then throw when he goes. The defensive halfbacks in pro football aren't going to bite on those fakes, anyway. They don't see them. They're watching the receivers coming downfield. The fake throws may give you a little more time to get the pass off if they fool the line coming in on you, that's all. Detroit has always been a tough club to throw on because of a fine, quick secondary and a fast-moving defensive line. They don't go for the fakes, for sure. When you unload, it helps if you get the ball away fast.

You got to know your receivers, too. Take R. C. Owens. He makes a quarterback look real good, if you throw it right. You hang it high for R. C., but you underthrow him a little so he can cut back in front of the defense like a basketball player taking a rebound off the backboard. You got to know what the receivers can do best. Billy Wilson, for instance, picks up enough yards on a defensive halfback when he comes back on a hook pass so that he can catch a hook against just about anybody in the league.

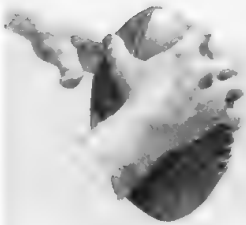
Then you got to figure the defense, too. A rookie defensive back has a tendency to be overaggressive—he may, now and then, take a reckless chance. A vet, on the other hand, takes calculated risks. He may look like he's out of position on a couple of plays just to try to lure you into a pass he can pick off.

The big thing, of course, is your protection. You can't throw if you don't have time to find a receiver. The big guys up front ought to be credited in the pass-completion statistics.

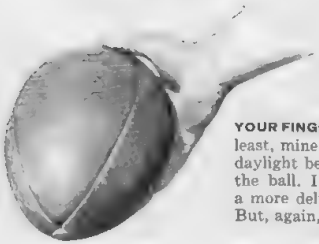
YOUR WINDUP is the big difference in throwing a long or a short pass. I guess that's the big difference in throwing a fast ball or a curve, for that matter. At left, on the far side, I bend my knees just a trifle for a short pass. If it's going long, I crouch more, but the pass is thrown with the same motion; you just get more body behind it with the deeper crouch. The grip is the same and you still step toward the target with your left foot; just remember to drop into a deeper crouch so that you get more weight and movement behind the ball before you release it. Accuracy on a long pass, as I said, depends on the depth perception the good Lord gave you, plus practice.

YOUR LEFT FOOT, I guess, aims your pass (*see below*). At least, the left foot should be planted in the direction in which you intend to throw the ball. You can look away to try to draw the defense in the wrong direction, but when you throw the ball you have to step along the line of flight with your left foot. There are a few passers in the league who face in the direction they're going to throw, but they're what I call belly-button passers. You get more power and more accuracy if you pass the way you bat or put the shot—with the left side and the left foot pointing the direction of the missile in question. That is, after all, the natural way to throw a ball.

YOUR GRIP—the two middle fingers together is my own peculiarity. Usually passers have them spread. The tip of my little finger is on the laces, I hold the ball just back of the center.



YOUR HAND'S SIZE determines how far back you hold the ball. Not everyone puts his little finger on the laces. Some put the crease of the first joint of the thumb in a seam on the ball.



YOUR FINGERS hold the ball at least, mine do—so that there is daylight between my palm and the ball. I get a better feel—a more delicate one—this way. But, again, some palm the ball.

'WE'RE FROM O-HI-O'

A record crowd in the U.S. football capital saw its beloved Buckeyes win—despite a SMU magician named Meredith

by ROY TERRELL

IN the year 1922 there came to be built in Columbus, Ohio a vast structure 752 feet 6 inches long, 598 feet 8 inches wide and 98 feet 3 inches high, which immediately became filled with crazy people. This was only a first impression, however, later discovered to be erroneous. As 10 million others followed them inside during the next 35 years, it was accepted that the occupants, although they persisted in acting exceedingly strange, were not unhinged after all. They were Ohio State football fans, which is not exactly the same thing.

As a result of their enthusiasm, which is a polite if somewhat sniveling word for what happens in Columbus on fall Saturday afternoons, the great stadium on the banks of the Olentangy—an old Indian word meaning first down—has long been known as the spiritual mecca of several million football-loving Americans, and Columbus itself as the football capital of the U.S. This is not to imply that the game fails to attract attention in South Bend, Ind. or Norman, Okla. or Tuscaloosa, Ala. or Pittsburgh, Pa. It is just that the reaction in Columbus is more energetic.

There were indications as far back as 1914, long before the new stadium was built, that something like this was going to happen. Incensed one day by the behavior of a visiting team from Penn State, an Ohio State rooter leaped from the stands, doused the blue-and-white-wrapped Penn State goalposts with kerosene and set fire to the whole thing. Should one question what the fellow was doing with a can of kerosene in the stands in the first place, Ohioans merely shrug and suggest that all sections of the country have their little idiosyncracies.

There was a time when it was unsafe to roam the downtown streets the night after a game. If the shower of radios and plate glass mirrors which came hurtling out of hotel windows failed to render one prone in a pool of blood, the visitor was certain to be gathered up in a long and violent snake dance which whooped its way down the streets and sidewalks, in and out of hotel lobbies and movie houses, stopping only occasionally to tip over an automobile or smash a lamppost.

Bill Dunn, assistant manager of the big but otherwise defenseless Deshler-Hilton Hotel at the corner of Broad and High streets, remembers when it was standard practice to roll up the carpets and remove all items of a collapsible nature from the lobby long before the crowds began to arrive. "The night crew always tried to get things cleared out on Thursday," he says, "but if they didn't we always got it done first thing on Friday morning. Otherwise it would be too late."

As might be expected, Columbus decided it not only wanted football

continued on page 59

VICIOUS BLOCKING HELPED WISCONSIN SHATTER MIAMI 21-0. ED HART (44) CLEARS WAY FOR FULLBACK TOM WEISNER (38)

Arthur Morgan, skin-diving near the Caribe Hilton in San Juan. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"I discovered dry rum on the rocks in Puerto Rico and brought the idea back to my New York friends."

"I'd tasted rum before." Arthur Morgan III of New York reports. "but I'd never tasted the *dry* rum of Puerto Rico. What a difference. Imagine drinking rum on the rocks. It's delicious. Bright and clear and brilliant.

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"Rum tastes good in so many different drinks. A tall *rum collins* if you are in a leisurely mood. *Rum and tonic* if you're thirsty. The *daiquiri*—for a memorable evening.

"*Rum sours. Rum highballs. Rum punches.* There is a rum drink to fit every mood. And every taste."

Rum on the rocks recipe: 1½ oz. Puerto Rican rum (white or gold) over ice in an old-fashioned glass. Add lemon twist if desired. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-5, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 19.

Rum on the rocks

Mr. Widener's Quail

A famous sportsman gives his recipe for cooking a famous game bird—and he follows it himself for special friends on his Carolina plantation

"SOME OF THE GUESTS go in the wagons that carry the dogs, the guns, the lunch, and so forth—but I myself prefer to ride."

THE WIDENER SILKS, light blue with dark blue hoops and cap, have been well known to American racegoers since 1913. Home pastures for the Widener Thoroughbreds are Erdenheim Farm in Chestnut Hill, Pa. and Old Kenney Farm in Lexington, Ky. George D. Widener, Master of Erdenheim and Old Kenney, has been chairman of the Jockey Club since 1950. He was president of Belmont Park prior to the merger of that race track with the New York Racing Association; he has been honorary chairman of that association since 1955. Mr. Widener has followed the family tradition of the Elkins and Widener families by making, with his sister, Mrs. Widener Dixon, numerous gifts of works of art and literature to museums and educational institutions—notably to the Philadelphia Museum, of which he is chairman of the board, the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the Widener Library at Harvard. Tall, handsome and aristocratic, George Widener is quiet and unassuming and enjoys, most of all, relaxing with family and friends on his South Carolina plantation.

"That's a very good picture of me," Mr. Widener said of the picture on the opposite page, which shows him busy at the grill with two of his guests, Wolcott Blair and Mrs. John Pratt. "Quail is the only thing I cook. We spend about six to eight weeks a year at the plantation," he continued. "Mackay Point, where it lies, is a peninsula between two rivers, both with Indian names: the Pocataligo and the Tulifinny. It's a flat country with broom sage and large groves of oak, gum and pine trees. Yes, we have duck shooting, but it's not very good. And dove from Christmas to the middle of January, and usually shoot 30 deer a season. But quail's really the thing I like best. The season begins at Thanksgiving and lasts till March. We lunch in the field and begin shooting at 2 or 2:30, stay out three or four hours. The lunch? Well, yes, it's simple and hearty, mostly in thermos containers. And then there's the quail. It must be shot three or four days beforehand and hung in the icebox but not cleaned till just before we eat it. The charcoal grill is always brought out in advance. The picture of me cooking is taken at Riley, but we have other shoots too, named long ago before I bought the place: Mackay Point, Jenkins, Wyman, Branford and Lockwood. I'd like to tell you how I cook my quail and how we like the duck cooked that we shoot at Mackay Point Plantation."

MR. WIDENER TELLS HOW HE COOKS QUAIL AND DUCK

The quail are cleaned and prepared for broiling at home. I use a frying pan over a charcoal burner. First, for seasoning, I put salt and pepper in. After about a minute I add butter. This should be well browned before putting the birds in. As they are placed in the pan I press the birds down so they will absorb some of the seasoning. It usually takes from 12 to 15 minutes to cook them, during which time these are turned several times and basted continuously. After taking them from the pan I use water or consommé to get the seasoning from the bottom of the pan for gravy.

I like duck on the rare side. The cook cuts the breasts off, then does them in a hot stove 11 to 12 minutes, after which they are salted and peppered. The raw carcass, meanwhile, is put in the duck press, the juice is squeezed over the breasts and the dish is rushed to the table.

Photographs by Toni Frissell

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but winning football, too, and this led to the hasty and unhappy departure of a number of Ohio State coaches. Each resident, it is said, has two jobs: his own and coaching the Ohio State football team. The pressure was so great, as a matter of fact, that except for the present incumbent the only man able to stand the gaff for more than a few years after 1928 was the legendary Francis Schmidt, a rather excitable individual himself who seemed hand-tooled for the job. His single-minded devotion to the game matched even that of the citizens and was never more clearly demonstrated than the day he drove his car onto the grease rack of a service station and decided to stay inside, puzzling over a new play, while the work was done. Moments later Schmidt shouted "Eureka, I've got it," opened the car door and plummeted eight feet to the earth. Eventually, the wolves got Schmidt, too.

Sadly enough, however, time has a way of changing all things, and Columbus, like Tombstone before it, has been tamed—at least on the surface. Modern transportation methods whisk the big crowds in and out of town on game day, and gone are the rowdy old three-day weekends. The new and booming populace is more sophisticated, and Midwest football's accepted stature leaves no real excuse for trying to knock oneself out to prove anything to the decadent East. It is also a good deal more difficult to work up the proper spirit sipping Martinis in a plush bar than it used to be guzzling home brew and bathtub gin in the back of a model A Ford. All these things have contributed to smother the physical and psychic quirks which once made Columbus what it was.

There are no more snake dances, and radios remain statically at rest on table tops where they belong. The hotel lobby is a place where a man can safely leave his wife—assuming, of course, that he can think of a good excuse—and automobiles remain unprotected on the streets all night, firmly on their own four wheels. Finally—and this the natives admit only with a twinge of shame—they have even had the same coach for the last seven years.

It is quite likely that the coach—he doesn't look at all like Wyatt Earp and his name is Wayne Woodrow Hayes—has contributed more to the metamorphosis of Columbus than anyone else. With the hide of a rhinoceros and a tongue of silver, Woody Hayes turned out to be just the man for the job. He has refused to be intimidated by the Columbus wolves ("I'm just a little bit meaner than they are") and has, in fact, seldom had any trouble with them at all. For one thing, he so charmed them with a speech his first day in town that the spell has never been completely broken. "If he can coach as well as he can talk," an alumnus said, "we're going to have a whale of a team."

As it turned out, Hayes could coach even better, and it was this that finally stopped all the noise. If the No. 1 football city in America has the No. 1 team and the No. 1 coach, both of which it could claim at the end of last year, there just isn't much left to do but be happy.

FANATIC FANDOM

If Columbus exhibits today a less explosive atmosphere than in years past, however, it certainly admits to a no less fanatic preoccupation with the game itself. Football, in ceasing to be a wild party, has become a way of life. In a dozen postwar seasons the average attendance for home games has been well over 70,000; in the last four it has been above 80,000, and this in a stadium which admits to only 79,618 seats. This year the Ohio State season *advance* sale was 67,000 for each game, a figure never before even considered by any other school. And last Saturday 83,113 people presented rather dramatic proof that there was no recession in football interest in Columbus by pouring into Ohio Stadium to watch the Buckeyes open the 1958 season against SMU. Except for the 1926 Michigan game, when the crowd broke down all the gates and overran the field and nobody could get around to counting them anyway, it was the biggest crowd in Ohio Stadium history.

If a Columbus fan can't squeeze into the game, he can hear it on any of five local stations—the sixth is a traitor which carries Notre Dame—and, should he miss both game and broadcast, he can always go to the Quarterback Club on Wednesday and listen to Hayes tell a now-docile group of ex-experts how it was done. That is, he can if he is a member; the Quarterback Club numbers 700 now and has a waiting list even longer because the big ballroom of the Southern Hotel, where it meets, just won't hold any more.

BAND DAY at Colorado-Iowa game brought these Englewood (Colo.) High majorettes.

In Columbus they still agree with what an Ohio State president said, only half in jest, some years ago: "We want to have a university of which the football team can be proud."

•

The game the big crowd saw on Saturday was a corker. Ohio State won 23-20 by the margin of three successful conversions, one by kick and two by pass, and in so doing the Buckeyes convinced almost everyone in sight that they were just as good as had been foretold. The line is the biggest this side of the Chicago Bears, with an average weight of 225 pounds; there are three very fine running

continued

backs in Don Clark, Bob White and Dick LeBeau, and a smart, experienced quarterback in Frank Kremblas. Together they make of Hayes's unexciting style of attack, which he calls "plain vanilla," an exciting demonstration in power and precision. If Kremblas' shoulder, which was dislocated late in the fourth quarter, heals within two weeks as expected, Ohio State is going to roll over a lot of teams before the year is out.

As part of Hayes's attention to detail, Ohio State just doesn't beat itself. A fumble in practice is a calamity; in a game it is a major disgrace. As a result, Ohio State does not fumble. A Buckeye punt is blocked about once in seven years, and Ohio State passes are just not intercepted. This is partly because they do not throw very often, of course ("I hope I never have a great passer," Woody has said. "A team with a great passer may score some spectacular victories but it never wins the championship, and we're after championships here. When you get fancy, you get beat") but, just the same, when his teams do throw, it is usually a completion. Neither are the Bucks killed by penalties, despite their tough brand of play. One reason is they keep a Big Ten official on hand at practice and by game time it has been impressed upon them at some length that they should not incur his displeasure.

But the best thing Hayes had going for him Saturday was another stout pass defense—and without it Ohio State would have been dead. Only once has one of his teams lost to a great passer (Stanford's John Brodie by 6-0 in 1955), and in seven years they have faced some of the best: Fred Benners of SMU in '51 (he had defeated another Ohio State team the year before 32-27), Tommy O'Connell of Illinois in '52, Paul Larson of California in '53, Lenny Dawson of Purdue in '54, Brodie in '56 and Jack Crabtree of Oregon in the 1958 Rose Bowl game. Last weekend, however, they ran into a boy who was probably the best.

Southern Methodist's Don Meredith is a big (6 feet 3, 190 pounds), deceptively quick 20-year-old junior from the little town of Mount Vernon, Texas, and last year, playing in only six games as a regular, he set a national collegiate accuracy record by completing almost 70% of the passes he threw. Almost never do his passes fall out of range. Even more startling is the manner in which he unloads, fast, when pursued or in trouble. Pressure does not seem to bother him a bit, and on Saturday he completed 19 out of 28 attempts for 213 yards, much of the time with Ohio State linemen waving their large hands in his face or draped around various parts of his anatomy. Once he led SMU 75 yards to a touchdown with six straight completions from a spread formation. What he will do some Saturday afternoon against a lesser team is enough to make anyone want to see more.

But Ohio State, with its relentless pressure from the line and alert ballhawking in the secondary, stopped

SHOELESS Maryland Halfback John Forbes grins after 71-yard run for a TD against North Carolina State. Forbes's shoe came off as he started run. Maryland won 21-6.

him just enough. Twice in the first half they intercepted his passes, once when LeBeau cut in front of a receiver and picked the ball off in the end zone, again when End Jim Houston batted a pass into the air just as it left Meredith's hands and Center Dan Fronk gathered it in. And particularly on two of SMU's conversion attempts did the Ohio State pass defense earn its keep, blanketing receivers so well that first Sub Quarterback Billy Dunn and then Meredith had nowhere to throw. In the end, that turned out to be the ball game.

•

While Ohio State was beating SMU, various other Big Ten members were busy at work pounding home the old lesson that right here is the part of the country where they do this sort of thing best.

Wisconsin beat perhaps the best team in the South, Miami, by three touchdowns on Friday night. Iowa humiliated a TCU team which only the week before had rolled up 31 first downs in whacking Kansas 42-0 and was generally expected to be the class of the Southwest. Michigan State and Purdue breezed past California and Nebraska, while even a pair of this year's Big Ten have-nots had a pleasant afternoon at the expense of the Pacific Coast—Michigan over Southern Cal and Northwestern over Washington State, each by the margin of one point. Saving a bit of face for the Coast were UCLA, which managed to shade Illinois, and Washington, which had a bit of trouble beating toothless Minnesota. Even Indiana put up quite a fight before losing to Notre Dame, which wasn't anything to be ashamed of in itself.

But of course all of the good football wasn't found in one spot, and to prove it Auburn's mighty defenses stopped Tennessee without a first down; Oklahoma produced a dizzy array of new tactics to overwhelm West Virginia, thereby giving Bud Wilkinson his 100th regular-season victory; Army tried a little razzle-dazzle of its own, to the amazement of almost everyone, and slaughtered South Carolina; Pitt rolled on over Holy Cross; and Mississippi stopped Kentucky.

After two weeks, it appears that the best college football teams of 1958 will be Ohio State, Notre Dame, Michigan State, Wisconsin, Iowa, Auburn, Oklahoma, Army, Mississippi and Pitt. And incidentally, it might be wise to keep an eye on little College of the Pacific and its mercurial Dick Bass. Last week the Tigers followed up on their first-week upset of California by bursting the Arizona State bubble 34-16.

While controversy was swirling in print long before the season began about the new two-point conversion rule, the coaches themselves were registering much greater dismay over the other big rule change of 1958, which limited blockers to the use of only one arm (SI, Sept. 22).

They need not have worried. Officials all across the land have apparently decided that the two-arm block (so long as it is not used with excessive violence) is here to stay. Anyway, so far the new blocking rule is not being applied. **END**

Tip from the Top

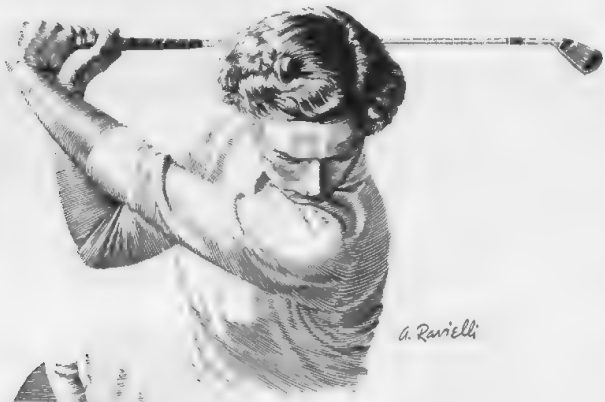
MARILYNN SMITH, *French Lick, Ind.*

The role of the right elbow

My dad used to say that there were three times when the right elbow should be down: eating, riding a horse and swinging the golf club back.

At the start of the backswing, the straight left arm and the turning left shoulder must begin their critical functions correctly, but just as important for me in getting my swing on the right track is flexing my right elbow away from the ball. This flexing of the elbow gives me the feeling of wanting to turn—it really sets up my turn. It works in fusion with my shoulders and hips. Formerly, when I used to give my primary attention at the start of the backswing to bringing both hands back emphatically on the line, my arms and body worked independently of each other. I never felt as joined together as I wanted to.

Throughout the backswing, the flexed right elbow points to the ground. When you practice this movement and get it down right, you don't have to think of cocking your wrists going back. You think of cocking your elbow. I only want to add one word of caution. When golfers work on any new move, they are apt to forget that they must still pay attention to the real permanent fundamentals of every golf swing; in other words, when you work on flexing your right elbow away from the ball, don't forget that the left arm and shoulder must still share in the control of the swing.



Flexed right elbow points to the ground

Elbow starts to flex early in backswing

NEXT WEEK: *Billy Maxwell on putting from off the edge*

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Best of the best

EXACTLY 167 days after Washington's Pedro Ramos threw the first pitch to Boston's Don Buddin, the 1958 baseball season slipped into the past tense. Herewith is a selection of the season's top performers and its most dramatic moment.

The hitter: Ernie Banks

This was a good year for the good hitters. The lifetime .300 men—Williams, Musial, Aaron, Ashburn, Mays, Mantle, Kaline, Minoso and Kuenn—all hit over .300. The power hitters hit with power; Sievers, Jensen and Thomas each drove in 100 runs and hit 30-plus home runs. So did Cerv and Colavito. There were exciting batting title races in both leagues. Mays and Ashburn in the National, Williams and the unexpected Runnels in the American fought it out through the closing weeks and down to the final day. But none of these had quite as strong a year as Ernie Banks. The willowy shortstop of the Chicago Cubs led both leagues in home runs and runs batted in, led the National League in runs scored and compiled a batting average comfortably over .300. It was largely thanks to Banks that the Cubs escaped their predicted fate—last place.

The pitcher: Bob Turley

Starting the season off with seven straight wins (including four shutouts), Bob Turley helped push the Yankees to such a huge lead that the American League race was over before he lost a game. And when the season ended, he was the league's only 20-game winner. In the National League the Braves' incomparable lefty-righty combination of Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette won 40 games between them. Spahn, a 20-game winner for the ninth time, provided Milwaukee early-season impetus with an 8-1 record while Burdette insured the pennant by winning 13 games after the All-Star break. This was the season that Bob Friend finally won 20 games for the Pirates, Sam Jones of the Cards struck out the most National League batters in 17 years, an injured Herb Score again failed to win more than two games, Robin Roberts came back after a dismal 1957 season, and Don Newcombe didn't.

The manager: Danny Murtaugh

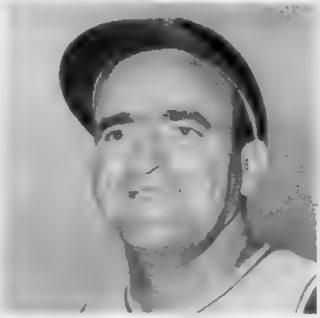
For a manager to finish out the season this year was almost as much of a feat as winning the pennant. Well, Casey Stengel and Fred Haney won the pennants, as expected, but before the races were over, Fred Hutchinson, (replaced this week by Solly Hemus), Birdie Tebbetts, Bobby Bragan, Jack Tighe and Mayo Smith were all out job-hunting. For some, though, it was a happy season. Bill Rigney's sixth-place New York Giants moved to San Francisco and became pennant contenders—until August anyway. Cookie Lavagetto of the Senators and Harry Craft of the Athletics did surprisingly well with meager material. But it was Danny Murtaugh and his Pirates who showed the biggest improvement. Tied for last in 1957, the Pirates were still seventh at midseason this year, but then played .667 ball the rest of the way to finish a surprisingly close second. Note: Murtaugh is one manager who will be back next year.

The rookie: Orlando Cepeda

Orlando Manuel Cepeda, a husky 21-year-old from Puerto Rico, made himself known this season as a very good reason why pitchers should not walk Willie Mays. Batting behind Willie, the big first baseman hit well over .300, drove in nearly 100 runs (most by a rookie since Ted Williams in 1939) and was a big reason why San Francisco made such a good run at the pennant. Albie Pearson, Washington's second-ranking golfer, did well despite an avalanche of preseason publicity. The 5-foot-5 centerfielder hit a solid .275, which for the Senators is the world. The National League had three fine young pitchers in Carlton Willey, Ray Semproch and George Witt, but none caused as much excitement as Ryne Duren. Duren's faulty vision, which at times led him to mistake a batter's ear for the heart of the plate, helped him as much as his nerve-shattering fast ball. His relief work for the Yankees was superb.

BANKS LED THE MAJORS IN HOMERS

TURLEY WON 20 GAMES FOR YANKEES



MURTAUGH WAS A SURPRISING SECOND

CEPEDA KNOCKED IN OVER 90 RUNS

The moment: Musial's 3,000th

It was just a slap double to left field, but almost with the crack of the bat photographers began to emerge from various parts of the stands and sprint across the infield to second base. There stood Stan Musial, who had just made his 3,000th hit, only the eighth player in history to do so. While the umpires tolerantly delayed the game, St. Louis Manager Fred Hutchinson came out and shook his player's hand. Then he called for a pinch runner, and Musial trotted off to a standing ovation. There were other great moments: Wilhelm's no-hitter against the Yanks and Bunning's against the Red Sox and, of course, California's first major league pitch.

X-RAY FOR THE 1958 SEASON

TEAM PERFORMANCE

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Season			This Week (9/21–9/28)		Homers Week
Milwaukee	92-62	.597	.	3-2	.600	5
Pittsburgh	84-70	545	8	0-5	.000	2
San Francisco	80-74	519	12	3-3	.500	3
Cincinnati	76-78	.494	16	1-3	.250	1
St. Louis	72-82	.468	20	2-4	.333	6
Chicago	72-82	.468	20	4-2	.667	4
Los Angeles	71-83	.461	21	3-3	.500	1
Philadelphia	69-85	.448	23	6-0	1.000	3
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
New York	92-62	.597	.	3-3	.500	1
Chicago	82-72	.532	10	3-4	.429	2
Boston	79-75	.513	13	6-1	.857	12
Cleveland	77-76	.503	14½	4-2	.667	10
Detroit	77-77	.500	15	3-4	.429	4
Baltimore	74-79	.484	17½	5-2	.714	4
Kansas City	73-81	.474	19	3-3	.500	6
Washington	61-93	396	31	0-8	.000	2

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting Season		Batting Week		Homers Season		Runs Produced Season		Pitching Season	
NATIONAL LEAGUE										
	Aaron	326	Schoendienst	.353	Mathews	31	Aaron	174	Spahn	22-11
	Skinner	321	Virdon	.333	Thomas	35	Thomas	163	Friend	22-14
	Mays	.347	Mays	.500	Mays	29	Mays	188	Antonelli	16-13
	Lynch	.312	Pinson	.500	Robinson	31	Robinson	142	Purkey	17-11
	Musial	337	Musial	.375	Boyer	23	Boyer	168	Jones	14-13
	Banks	.313	Thomson	.360	Banks	47	Banks	201	Hobbie	10-6
	Furillo	290	Lillis	.571	2 with	22	Neal	130	Podres	13-15
	Ashburn	.350	Ashburn	.593	Anderson	23	Anderson	154	Roberts	17-14
AMERICAN LEAGUE										
	Mantle	.304	Mantle	.435	Mantle	42	Mantle	182	Turley	21-7
	Fox	.300	Landis	.375	Lollar	20	Fox	131	Pierce	17-11
	Williams	.328	Williams	.591	Jensen	35	Jensen	170	Delock	14-8
	Power	.312	Colavito	.429	Colavito	41	Power	162	McLish	16-8
	Kuenn	.319	Bolling	.387	Harris	20	Kaline	153	Lary	16-15
	Boyd	.309	Boyd	.300	Triandos	31	Triandos	108	Portocarrero	15-11
	Cerv	305	Chiti	412	Cerv	38	Cerv	159	Garver	12-11
	Sievers	295	Bridges	.300	Sievers	39	Sievers	155	Ramos	14-18

THE SEASON

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Ashburn, Phil .350	Logan, Mil .226
Batting (AL)	Williams, Bos .328	DeMaestri, KC .219
Home run hitters (NL)	Banks, Chi 47 (1 per 13 AB)	Schoendienst, Mil 1 (per 427 AB)
Home run hitters (AL)	Mantle, NY 42 (1 per 12 AB)	Fox, Chi 0 (per 623 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Spahn, Mil 22-11	Simmons, Phil 7-14
Pitching (AL)	Turley, NY 21-7	Kemmerer, Wash 6-15
ERA (NL)	Miller, SF 2.47	Drott Chi 5.39
ERA (AL)	Ford, NY 2.01	Sisler, Bos 4.95
Complete games (NL)	Spahn, Mil 23 (in 38 starts)	Raydon, Pitt 2 (in 20 starts)
Complete games (AL)	Pierce, Chi 19 Turley, NY 19 (in 31 starts)	Griggs, Wash 3 Pappas, Balt 3 (in 21 starts)
Team HR (NL)	Chicago 182	St. Louis 111
Team HR (AL)	New York 164	Chicago 101

MONTH BY MONTH WITH THE LEADERS

	Apr.-May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Final
Batting (NL) Richie Ashburn, Phil	.338	.333	.328	.386	.386	.350
Batting (AL) Ted Williams, Bos	.269	.345	.311	.371	.411	.328
Home runs (NL) Ernie Banks, Chi	13	5	11	13	5	47
Home runs (AL) Mickey Mantle, NY	4	10	14	5	5	42
RBIs (NL) Ernie Banks, Chi	40	14	29	27	19	129
RBIs (AL) Jackie Jensen, Bos	27	33	31	19	12	122
Pitching (NL) Warren Spahn, Mil	8-1	2-3	3-3	4-3	5-1	22-11
Pitching (AL) Bob Turley, NY	7-1	4-2	4-1	5-2	1-1	21-7
Won and lost (NL) Milwaukee	25-15	13-13	16-14	23-11	15-9	92-62
Won and lost (AL) New York	26-10	17-13	22-11	15-16	12-12	92-62

RUNS SCORED AND YIELDED

	Av. Runs per Game	Opp. Runs per Game	Difference
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Milwaukee	4.38	3.51	+.87
Cincinnati	4.51	4.03	+.48
Pittsburgh	4.30	3.94	+.36
San Francisco	4.72	4.53	+.19
Chicago	4.60	4.71	—.11
St. Louis	4.02	4.57	.55
Los Angeles	4.34	4.94	- 60
Philadelphia	4.31	4.95	.64
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York	4.90	3.72	+1.18
Cleveland	4.54	4.15	+ .39
Detroit	4.28	3.93	+ .35
Chicago	4.09	3.97	+ .12
Boston	4.50	4.46	+ .04
Baltimore	3.38	3.72	— .34
Kansas City	4.12	4.57	— .45
Washington	3.54	4.79	—1.25

PITCHERS' % OF CLUB VICTORIES

	Top Pitcher	Pitcher's Wins	Club Wins	% of Wins
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Pitt	Friend	22	84	26.2
Phil	Roberts	17	69	24.6
Mil	Spahn	22	92	23.9
Cin	Purkey	17	76	22.4
SF	Antonelli	16	80	20.0
StL	Jones	14	72	19.4
LA	Podres	13	71	18.3
Chi	Hobbie	10	72	13.9
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Wash	Ramos	14	61	23.0
NY	Turley	21	92	22.8
Clev	McLish	16	77	20.8
Det	Lary	16	77	20.8
Chi	Pierce	17	82	20.7
Balt	Portocarrero	15	74	20.3
Bos	Delock	14	79	17.7
KC	Garver	12	73	16.4

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Banks, Chi (.313)	119	82	201
Mays, SF (.347)	121	67	188
Aaron, Mil (.326)	109	65	174
Boyer, StL (.307)	101	67	168
Thomas, Pitt (.281)	89	74	163
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mantle, NY (.304)	127	55	182
Jensen, Bos (.286)	83	87	170
Power, Clev (.312)	98	64	162
Cerv, KC (.305)	93	66	159
Runnels, Bos (.322)	103	52	155
Sievers, Wash (.295)	86	69	155

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Cepeda, SF .312	Pearson, Wash .275
Home runs	Cepeda, SF 25	Harrell, Clev 7 Throneberry, NY 7
RBIs	Cepeda, SF 96	Pearson, Wash 33
Pitching	Semproch, Phil 13-11	Bell, Clev 12-10

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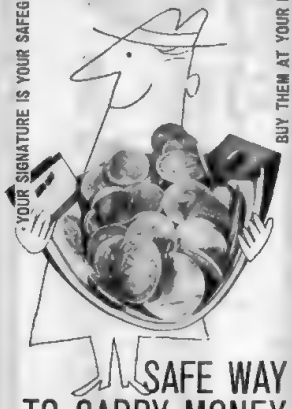

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BOXING / *Martin Kane*

Wait till next year

Feuding and fussing dim the prospects for a Patterson title defense before 1959

THE BOXING WRITERS Association of New York assembled last week to honor Nat Fleischer, the dean of us all. Elder Fleischer, who has been the sport's sharpest eye for half a century and is its most distinguished living historian, was given a plaque handsomely reproducing the cover of the first issue of his magazine, *The Ring*, of which he is founder, editor and publisher.

The writers were having a jolly good time toasting their patriarch when Julius Helfand, chairman of the New York boxing commission, gratuitously put them to work. He announced that Promoter Emil Lence and Madison Square Garden were close to agreement on terms for a heavyweight championship fight in December. He was "hopeful" that the deal would go through. Lence and the Garden also expressed hopeful thoughts.

The deal has not gone through and it is not likely to. The party of the first part, Champion Floyd Patterson, probably will not fight again until after New Year's Day. When he does fight next it probably will not be at the Garden.

This estimate of a very sorry situation is based on some low, growling remarks of Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, and the fact that there are so few attractive contenders for Patterson's title. Each of the contenders will be useful to D'Amato in good time and place, but the time does not seem to be December and the place does not seem to be the Garden.

The demolition of Eddie Machen by Ingemar Johansson made Johansson a standout contender, but for an outdoors fight next spring. Zora Folley, who could score only a desultory draw against Machen at San Francisco —although most spectators thought Folley won—probably can be built into an outdoor attraction, provided he refurbishes his reputation by trouncing, say, Willi Besmanoff. Besmanoff, seemingly stronger than he has hitherto appeared, blasted out Alex Miteff in one round at Seattle recently. Folley has been signed to meet Henry Cooper, British title contender, first.

That leaves Nino Valdes as a possible Garden opponent, but someone must first convince D'Amato that the big Cuban can fill the Garden or, to put it another way, that D'Amato cannot get a better guarantee for a Patterson-Valdes fight outside New York. D'Amato has been studying attractive offers, notably one from Cuba, but the Castro rebellion there makes that offer less than enticing.

The indications are that D'Amato, though he has not absolutely banned a Garden appearance for Patterson this winter, will save Valdes for a more propitious and profitable time. This week he had come to no final decision but one gathered that his mind was trending toward 1959, that he was cold about December 1958.

PATTERSON CHAFES

"Next year," he said, "Patterson will defend his championship three times, maybe four, and will take on all leading contenders."

It makes a pleasant prospect but it commits the quietly chafing Patterson to another winter of discontent, for Patterson's ambition is to be known as a fighting champion. Though Patterson is a most patient man, in or out of the ring, and has a clear and sympathetic understanding of D'Amato's strategies, he is still a fighter, with a fighter's love of victories and honors. He recognizes, too, that just as a tennis player does not bring himself up to a competitive edge by hitting balls against a bangboard, a prizefighter keeps his weapons sharp only in actual competition. No one knows better than Patterson that his performance in the Roy Harris fight was below his high standard and that it could be attributed simply to a year's layoff.

Today the champion is paying the price for D'Amato's bedevilment by the feuds and fussing of a sport that in recent years has taken on the aspects of a struggle for power in the Kremlin. **END**

HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

My friend Shoe

Eddie Arcaro's pal, Willie Shoemaker, is cleaning up in most inconsiderate fashion

NOBODY who has followed the career of Willie Shoemaker has doubted for a moment that this young man, now 27, would some day take his logical place as our premier reinsman. Well, it is no longer a question of some day, because that day is here right now. In the last 12 weeks The Shoe has ridden 17 stakes winners with earnings of very close to $1 million ($942,580 to be exact). And while Willie has been cashing in on such lucrative mounts as Gallant Man, Tomy Lee, Restless Wind, Intentionally and Clem, it seems—almost ironically—that his good fortune has been at the direct expense of his best friend, Eddie Arcaro. Master Eddie, who for years has had a singularly effective method of getting aboard the best horses in the land, has watched Shoemaker (and Shoe's hard-working agent, Harry Silbert) ride this incredible weekly victory trail, and, typical of the good sport that he is, Arcaro gives credit exactly where it is due. "Not only is he the best rider I know," says Eddie, "but, brother, that Shoe is jumping on them horses at just the right time —that'll get the juice every time."

For Willie Shoemaker, who has already improved his saddle artistry to a degree very nearly the equal of Arcaro at his best, this virtual monopoly comes as no great surprise. "I think," says Willie in his usual serious tone, "that I'm a better rider now than I ever was." If The Shoe merely thinks he's riding better than ever before, a lot of owners he's been riding for recently know it for a fact. Nobody, for that matter, is more aware of Shoemaker these days than Mrs. Adele Rand, who owns in Clem one of the most useful horses to pop up in a long, long time. A few weeks back, just after Willie had steered Clem home half a length ahead of Round Table in the United Nations Handicap, Mrs. Rand clutched Shoe in the winner's circle and exclaimed, "Willie, every time I see you on a horse of mine it gives me a very special sort of confidence."

Some of this confidence should have rubbed off on the Belmont Park horseplayers who let Shoemaker and Clem go off at 9 to 2 in last Saturday's mile-and-a-quarter Woodward Stakes. The reason, of course, that Clem didn't command more attention was that he was finally meeting Round Table at equal weights (126 pounds) after having twice beaten him while in receipt of large weight allowances. This time Shoe was going to have to prove not only his own skill but also the capabilities of a colt who had obviously been lightweighted way too often. Well, Shoe and Clem did it; Round Table (with Arcaro up) didn't even get in the money in a start that was to have put him up and over Nashua's money-earning record as well as in front for the voting for Horse of the Year.

RISKY DECISION

For all his commendable durability and versatility Round Table simply didn't run his race in the Woodward. True the track was sloppy, but Trainer Willie Molter had not thought it would bother Round Table. And then, in the saddling shed Molter and Round Table's personal veterinarian, Dr. John Peters, made an important decision: on the theory that the colt's rear run-down bandages might collect extra weight in the form of flying slop, the bandages were removed. And with them went Round Table's chances, for, after running three-quarters of a mile with Clem, Belmont's gritty sand took its painful toll on Round Table's heels and he gave up. Clem did not.

When Round Table pulled up, both rear heels were bleeding, and if this didn't earn him a long rest after having faced the starter 41 times in the last two years, it would be most unfair to a courageous colt. **END**

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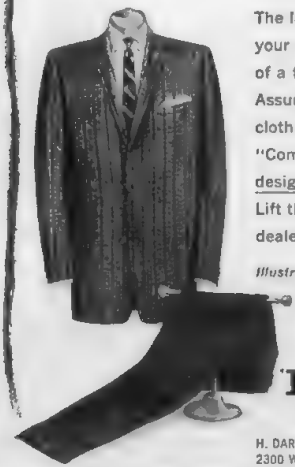

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MOTOR SPORTS / *Kenneth Rudeen*

Hot time for the SCCA

With its amateur code under fire, our No. 1 sports car club must look to difficult days

WATKINS GLEN, a village on the south shore of Seneca Lake in upstate New York, is a special symbol of sports car racing in the U.S. Through its streets and over the lush green neighboring hills rolled the first postwar wave of sports racers just 10 years ago. Missionaries spread the tidings with zeal, the sport flourished and, indeed, a dozen private road courses have been built because of this zeal in the last few years.

When the Glen had its national Sports Car Club of America race meeting the other day, the crowd, program and setting were typical of the U.S. sport: spectators equipped for a long day's outing, 175 cars of all sizes competing in seven races, a 2.3-mile blacktop course twisting through the rural landscape. Outwardly everything was serene, but this event, like the 13 nationals before it elsewhere this year, had an undercurrent of tension.

What was bothering the SCCA people was that old headache of amateur sports organizations: What degree of purity is best? Growing pains have preoccupied the SCCA until recently. Now it must cope full time with the amateur question, and with that some challenges to its own preeminence among U.S. sports car groups.

Like all the 1,800 SCCA competition drivers (part of a total membership of 11,600), the entrants at the Glen were bound to a rigid code. They could not accept travel or lodging expenses beyond a level of casual hospitality, compete with professionals except under severe restrictions or permit their cars to be entered in professional events. The cars

have to be as clean as the drivers.

Until this year these conditions had been honored in the breach by some drivers or had not been clearly defined or aggressively upheld. While many members have been outspoken in their dislike for the current get-tough policy, the majority seems to favor holding the amateur line.

With the beginning of a new, out-and-out-professional sports car circuit last month and a relaxing of amateur regulations by a few existing sports car clubs, however, the SCCA faces a period of crisis.

Right now, most of the SCCA drivers who want a "more realistic" policy than the SCCA offers are playing a waiting game. A few eastern drivers have already turned professional, but the latest and biggest news came last week from California.

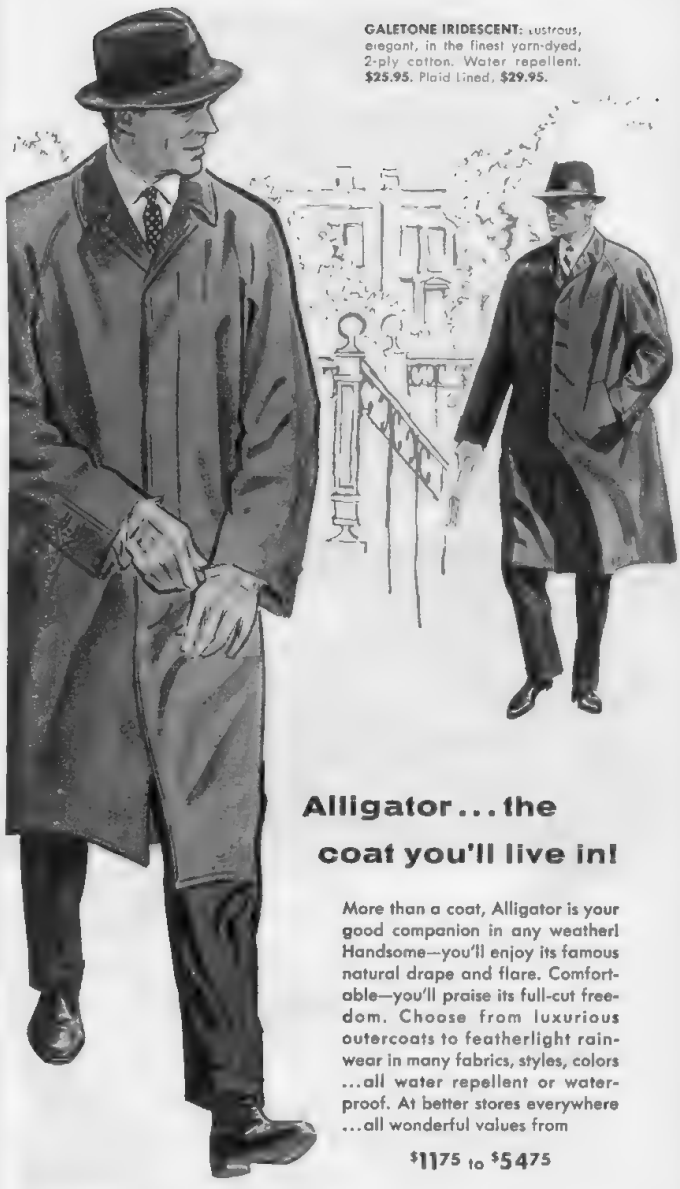
SCCA members on the West Coast have never had as much power locally as their eastern and midwestern colleagues. The rival California Sports Car Club, with 2,000 members, is the second-largest amateur group; it has always gone after big-name drivers. Now the CSCC has relaxed its rules invitingly. It will have a race on the same program with the big international professional race at Riverside, Calif. on October 12, and it will permit pros to race in some of its amateur events without jeopardy to the amateurs. More than that, it has "stolen" sanction of the races at Laguna Seca, Calif., November 8-9 from the SCCA.

REBELLION ON THE COAST

Thoroughly aroused, the San Francisco region of the SCCA last Saturday adopted a policy of coexistence which may mean a complete break with the national SCCA. Criticizing the national code as "in direct opposition to the best interests of members of the San Francisco region . . . and not in keeping with the present and future status of . . . racing in this country," the region decided to invite pros to its races.

Another bombshell came from southern California. Lance Reventlow said he would turn pro for the Riverside race and would take his significant new cars, the Scarabs, with him out of the SCCA. Reventlow's late start in the SCCA season had saved the club's feature races from continuing as a dreary series of walkovers for Briggs Cunningham's fine Lister-Jaguars and his drivers, Walt Hansgen and Ed Crawford.

continued



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If the Riverside race is successful, gifted amateurs will have even more incentive to turn pro. This will be the fourth in the new series backed by the U.S. Auto Club, sanctioning body for the Indianapolis "500." Britain's great Stirling Moss and the top Americans, Phil Hill and Carroll Shelby, are expected to compete.

"The SCCA," says Bill Pollack, president of the CSCC, "will end up with virtual nonentities racing production cars." That remains to be seen. Nobody knows which way the new SCCA board of governors will lean when it assumes control this fall or how deeply the pros will cut in.

Meanwhile, it would be foolish to write off the SCCA, unfair not to recognize its premier role in the amazing growth of the sport and unwise to underestimate the zest with which its drivers, like those at the Glen, compete for their cups. Theirs is a spirit which makes a place on the championship list below (with three events remaining) no mean accomplishment.

THE LEADING DRIVERS

CLASS B MODIFIED (5,000–8,000 cc.): Harold Ullrich, Evanston, Ill.; Excalibur; 2,000 points.

B PRODUCTION (3,500-5,000 cc.): James Jeffords, Milwaukee; Corvette; 6,000.

C MODIFIED (3,000–5,000 cc.): Walter Hansgen, Westfield, N.J.; Lister-Jaguar; 10,600.

C PRODUCTION (2,700-3,500 cc.): George Reed, Midlothian, Ill.; Ferrari; 6,800.

D MODIFIED (2,000–3,000 cc.): James Johnston, Cincinnati; Ferrari; 3,000.

D PRODUCTION (2,000–2,700 cc.): Dr. Richard Thompson, Washington, D.C.; Austin-Healey; 6,800.

E MODIFIED (1,500–2,000 cc.): Gaston Andrey, Framingham, Mass.; Ferrari; 5,400.

E PRODUCTION (1,600–2,000 cc.): Harry Carter, South Sudbury, Mass.; AC Bristol; 5,600.

F MODIFIED (1,100–1,500 cc.): Robert Holbert, Warrington, Pa.; Porsche Spyder; 7,800.

F PRODUCTION (1,300 -1,600 cc.): Emmanuel Pupulidy, Freeport, N.Y.; Porsche Carrera; 7,000.

G MODIFIED (750–1,100 cc.): Frank Baptista, Hyattsville, Md.; Elva; 7,200.

G PRODUCTION (1,000–1,300 cc.): Robert Grossman, West Nyack, N.Y.; Alfa Romeo Giulietta; 4,600.

H MODIFIED (500–750 cc.): Martin Tanner, Saginaw, Mich.; Martin T Spl.; 3,600.

H PRODUCTION (750–1,000 cc.): Howard Hanna, Broomall, Pa.; DB; 3,600.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

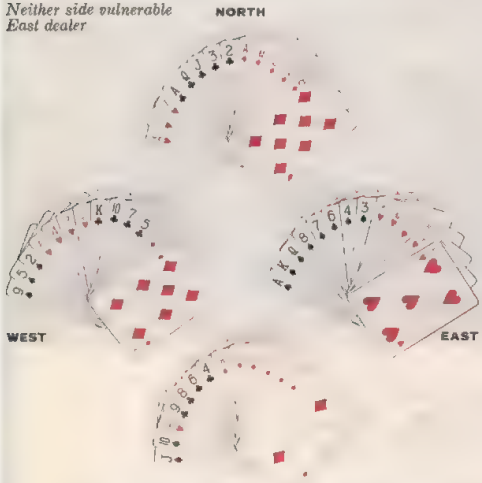
The small-club incident

I WATCHED this hand played at the Cavendish Club," my good friend Sonny Moyse reports. "I'd write it up for *The Bridge World*," continued the editor of that journal for the bridge elite, "if I thought anyone would believe me. But since everybody accepts your writings as gospel, I think *you* ought to tell the story."

Thus challenged, how could I refuse?

The cast of characters fully accords with the action. East was the charming Rhoda Montorci, whom you may have admired during the weeks while she spelled her way to a small fortune on the TV program, *Top Dollar*. West was the international star, Boris Koytchou. North was one of our brilliant younger players, David Strasberg. And South, the eventual declarer, was Mrs. Joseph Gale, present holder of the national mixed pair title.

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
2♠	PASS	2 NO TRUMP	3 NO TRUMP
4♠	5♦	PASS	PASS
5♥	PASS	PASS	6♦
PASS	PASS	6♥	7♦
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart 2

The East hand meets many of the requirements for an opening two bid: game in hand, three suits with first round control, it even has enough points—20—for a hand with an 8-card suit and a good five-card suit. Strategically, however, the two bid is not to be commended. There is no danger that this hand could pass out at a contract of one spade. There *is* danger that partner will carry the bidding too high with the wrong aces, or that the opponents will be warned of East's freakish distribution—as indeed they were.

North's three no-trump bid was the "unusual" no trump—a call for South to choose between the two minor suits. When South found enough materiel to show the diamonds in spite of the intervening four-spade bid, North knew she held real diamond length. East's five-heart bid confirmed North's suspicion that East had an extreme freak, and her pass to six diamonds was further evidence of no club or diamond losers. So, when West went on to six hearts, North decided that his partner would be short in that suit and that the finesses in clubs or diamonds would be "on."

I admire North's reasoning; but not nearly so much as I admire East's courage in allowing the double of seven diamonds to stand. She could hardly be confident that West's clubs included the 5 spot! Yet it was upon just that lowly card that the grand slam depended.

The heart opening was won with dummy's ace. With a grand slam hanging in the balance, Bea Gale took plenty of time to analyze her chances. Eventually, she reached the same conclusion that led Strasberg to bid seven diamonds although he was reasonably sure he could defeat six hearts. She decided that East was void in both the minor suits. So she did her best to put a fast one past Boris Koytchou.

Dummy's ace of diamonds won the second trick, and a low diamond put South in with the king. Here South led the innocent-looking 6 of clubs. Had West put on the 5, declarer intended to let the 6 spot ride for the essential deep finesse that would have made the contract. But Boris Koytchou is well known as an insomniac while seated at a bridge table—especially when the contract is a grand slam. He covered the 6 of clubs with the 7 forcing dummy's jack. Thereafter, by covering each club led by South, West established the 5 of clubs as the thin little trick that saved a fat bundle of points.

EXTRA TRICK

A two bid is best reserved for a hand which can be properly described in no other way and with which there is danger you will be passed out if you open with a bid of only one. Without an overwhelming share of high cards, a two bid is seldom necessary and rarely advisable.

AUTUMN TREASURE

OFF the North Carolina coast lies a ribbon of islands called the Outer Banks. Here was founded (and later lost) America's first colony. Here pirates lured unsuspecting merchantmen onto the treacherous shoals of Cape Hatteras, and on these blue waters rendezvoused to divide vast spoils of bullion, gold plate and jewels. This is still rich treasure country, but today both the seekers and their quarry are of a different sort. As this remarkable photograph by Richard Meek shows, the decoys bobbing in Pamlico Sound are bringing in a great flight of Canada geese. Waiting for the geese, behind the camera, are some of the handful of sportsmen who have thus far discovered the joys of autumn hunting on the Outer Banks. Turn the page for Virginia Kraft's detailed report on this newly accessible treasure house of waterfowl and fish.

DOWN THE BANKS TO OCRACOKE

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

The Outer Banks is in reality almost 200 miles of exposed sand bar, broken by occasional channels, rarely three miles wide, sometimes a few hundred yards narrow. To the west is a series of bays, to the east is the Gulf Stream. In late summer hurricanes muster fury here for their travels north and west—but with the passing of autumn's equinox this lonely world of wind and water grows calm. Ducks and geese fly down from the north, channel bass roll in on the surf and marlin fin the Gulf Stream. The waters of the stream are 70°, their semitropical winds envelop the Banks, and orange and grapefruit trees bear all winter. Until a few years ago the Banks were almost inaccessible, but now new roads link this vast outdoor playground to the mainland and planes land regularly on its beaches. The time to go is November; the way and the rewards are described below.

THE best place to begin a trip to North Carolina's **OUTER BANKS** is **NORFOLK**, Va., 75 miles from **NAGS HEAD**. There are no big stores on the Banks; and many people who fly into Norfolk do not want the overweight and inconvenience of carrying ammunition, gun-cleaning equipment or liquor—much of the Outer Banks is technically dry—from home. All these items, and many more, can be purchased in Norfolk.

The fastest way to reach the Outer Banks from Norfolk is by plane. **PIEDMONT AVIATION**, at the Norfolk airport, has Piper Tri-Pacers for charter. Rates begin at $25 (one way to **MANTEO**) and are somewhat higher to **HATTERAS** and **OCRACOKE** (*see map*) depending on weather and time of day. Once there, beach buggies can be rented (average cost $15 per day) in all three towns to handle local travel to fishing and hunting spots.

The more leisurely, and perhaps the more pleasant, way to visit the Outer Banks, however, is by car either one's own or a Norfolk rental. A main highway runs from Norfolk to the North Carolina border; from here there are good blacktop roads all the way to the Banks.

NAGS HEAD

On the drive south from Norfolk, Nags Head is the first main village on the Outer Banks and the center of some of the best hunting and fishing on the upper island. Traveling at comfortable speed, the trip from Norfolk can be made in under two hours. This wasn't always so. Until a few years ago, roads where they existed at all –were poor and driving was difficult if not hazardous.

Today Route 158 spans three-mile-wide **CURRITUCK SOUND** at **KITTY HAWK** and continues south past Nags Head to Hatteras. A secondary road runs north to the little town of **DUCK** five miles above Kitty Hawk (*see map*). Beyond this point the northernmost area of the Outer Banks is still inaccessible by car. This is the private portion of the Banks, a hideaway for wealthy businessmen who retreat each year to the isolation of its roadless, sandy hills.

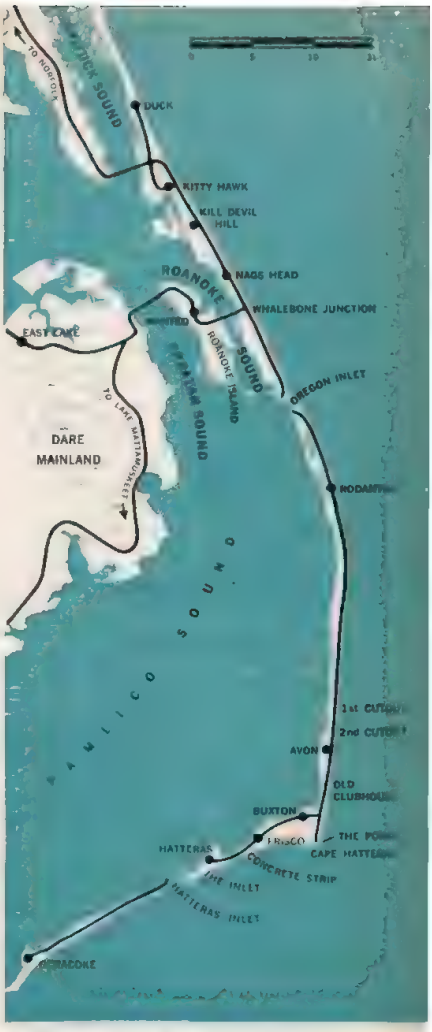
To the south, the highway sweeps past **KILL DEVIL HILL** and a granite monument to Wilbur and Orville Wright's conquest of the air. Along the road itself, dozens of boarded motels and ice cream stands, crowded and lively in summer, await next year's hot-weather visitors and vacationers.

But in November, when the waterfowl season opens, the scene is quiet. At night, no lights brighten the long, black strip of road stretching south between empty cottages and shuttered beach houses. Over all there is only the lonely sound of ocean crashing against shore.

At Nags Head the **CAROLINIAN HOTEL** ($10 and up per day, American

continued

WADING THE WATERS of Pamlico Sound, Guide Harlon Willis retrieves geese shot over decoys shown on the previous pages.



SPORTSMAN'S MAP of the Outer Banks shows major centers of outdoor activity, including the locations of the outstanding channel bass fishing sloughs in the Cape Hatteras area. There are good blacktop roads on the islands, and free ferries operate across Oregon and Hatteras inlets. Bridges connect the Banks with the mainland at Kitty Hawk and with Roanoke Island, site of Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony. A third bridge links Roanoke with the Dare Mainland, a swampy boot of land crowded with deer and bear. A favorite pastime of the few inhabitants of the area is running deer with large packs of hounds. Most hunts start at Wilbur Cahoon's store at East Lake, where visitors are always welcome. To the south is Lake Mattamuskeet, a federally owned waterfowl project and one of the primary wintering grounds in the U.S. There is excellent shooting from 30 public blinds on the lake (by permit only) as well as in the surrounding farmlands and fields.

plan) remains open all year, and this is the local headquarters for sportsmen. Inside, a fire is usually burning in the wood paneled **ANCHOR CLUB** where, at the end of the day, guests shelter against the evening's chill. At this time of year the talk is always of sport—deer hunting, surf fishing, fox chasing—but mainly it is of geese and ducks.

For the goose or duck hunter, the Carolinian will arrange everything from guides ($10 a day) to blinds and a full-course breakfast at any hour of the morning. Carl Nunnemaker Sr., who has been duck hunting and guiding in the Nags Head area for over 30 years, has an excellent rig only a few minutes' drive from the Carolinian. His battered converted ambulance usually pulls into the hotel drive about 5 a.m., equipped with everything from E-Zee-Patch kits for leaking waders to plug-in heater for warming up between shooting sessions. A hunter need only collect himself and his box lunch (supplied by the Carolinian) and follow The Captain, as Nunnemaker likes to be called, into the pitch-dark of the predawn.

Nags Head waterfowl hunting is locally referred to as pond shooting, but the expression is misleading. Actually, the "ponds" are part of the great shallow waters of mile-wide **ROANOKE SOUND** (*see map*). From the road, about one half mile of overgrown marsh runs into the sound. The Captain leaves his ambulance hubcap deep in the marsh and sloshes cross-country to the water. There, looking like little floating islands, are a series of scattered grass fronds in which his blinds are hidden.

Captain Nunnemaker is a man who doesn't believe in any extra work. He sets out his decoys in a permanent rig at the beginning of the season and doesn't pick them up again until closing day. His system would be perfect except for the shock it often gives the hunter when, tiptoeing in wader-heavy feet through mud and water, he flushes a resting flock of Canada geese from among the decoys. Few waterfowlers, groping through the darkness with gun, shells, lunch, extra sweater, rain gear and patch kit, have come through such an experience with dry equipment. And if they do, they may still face the moment immediately after leaving the blind when a flock of geese drops from nowhere directly into the abandoned rig. Naturally, the gun is unloaded or buried under mountains of other equipment.

But these small difficulties are really only byproducts of the great waterfowl shooting in the Nags Head area. To make this shooting even better, The Captain and fellow guides are expert goose and duck callers. Crouched low among the salt grass, they can lure in even the most stubborn goose with their particular kind of musical hypnosis. Sometimes this hypnosis works both ways. There have been hunters at Nags Head who, on first sight of these huge, body-heavy birds gliding directly toward them, suffered a kind of "goose fever" which made shooting impossible. Most of them, however, seem to recover in time to take the limit of two geese a day.

The duck shooting is just as good. In November, huge concentrations of pintails, blacks, widgeons and mallards settle in protective coves to feed on wild celery and swamp grasses. This is that rare kind of shooting in which the hunter finds himself choosing exactly what bird he wants—and then waiting for it. In fact, the birds are so numerous and the duck callers so good that it is not uncommon for a hunter to have a widgeon or a black duck whiz right over his head. Consequently, the daily limit of four is often bagged within an hour—ending the day's shooting too soon for most hunters.

CROATAN SOUND

Even if a hunter has to quit shooting early, there is still plenty of sport to fill his day. Just 10 miles from the duck blinds is **CROATAN SOUND,** where the fishing rivals the shooting at Nags Head. A hunter who takes the limit of birds before lunch can hop in his car and drive 15 minutes from the Carolinian Hotel to **CROATAN BRIDGE** on the other side of Roanoke Island. Here schools of young striped bass skirt through the waters around its three miles of cement pilings. On any day, but particularly on Sunday (when shooting is prohibited), a fleet of charter boats ($50 a day, $35 a half day; reservations can be made through the hotel) trolls between the pilings, waiting for a school to hit.

When the fish begin to bite they bite by the hundreds. The boats converge and everywhere lines go tight. Cars stop on the bridge above, and spectators—mostly natives accustomed to the sight but forever fascinated by it—hang over the guard rail and shout encouragement. Every radio in every boat begins sending news of the run in a garble of static and stuttering. For five, maybe 10 or even 15 minutes, fish are hauled over the side. Congratulations are shouted back and forth among the boats, lines are crossed and hopelessly snagged, and everyone has a wonderful time.

When the run is over, the boats move apart. Damage to equipment is surveyed, repaired lines are freshly baited, fish are recaught in conversation and someone brings out a bottle of celebration. The captain, who may be Omie Tillett, Joe Berry, Ken Ward, Fred Basnight or any one of the many charter boatmen who hang their signs in the Nags Head area, relaxes on the wheel. He knows news of the good fishing will spread along the Outer Banks.

On a day like this—and there are many such days in November—no reasonable man could complain about the catch, but there may be a complaint or two about tackle. A charter captain faces the prob lem of new clients every day, many c them novices. His tackle must be heav and tough enough to withstand the abus of constant use by inexperienced hand As a result, for the experienced fisherman all of the fight—and most of the sport - in taking these two- and three-pounder is lost. It doesn't have to be, however, i he brings his own light spinning tackl from home.

ROANOKE ISLAND

On the way back to Nags Head fror Croatan Sound, Highway 64 crosse **ROANOKE ISLAND** and runs pas the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's **LOS' COLONY.** No longer lost, thanks to th energy of the local tourist people, the col ony has everything from a reproductio of the colonists' fort, complete with lo village, to an outdoor summer theater.

In November the theater is closed, bu the colony's real attraction, its free mu seum, is still open, and worth a visit. Th museum is particularly interesting t sportsmen because of its extensive collec tion of paintings of birds, animals, fis and life in the early colony. These wer made almost 400 years ago by Joh White, grandfather of Virginia Dare an first governor of the settlement.

The Nags Head area offers still anothe bonus to the sportsman. Just a few min utes' walk from the Carolinian, a doze little fresh-water ponds lie hidden in th overgrown sand hills. Here, the Oute Banks widens to almost a mile. Holl trees, French mulberries, pines and dog woods form a seven-mile-long miniatur jungle. In the midst of this cool gree forest is some of the best black bass fish ing in North Carolina.

Julian Oneto, the Carolinian's owner is a bass fisherman. He knows where th best ponds are located, when to fish them and even under what overhangs the bi ones are drowsing. Best of all, it seldom takes much persuasion to lure Oneto fron behind his desk. Besides, that's where he keeps his spinning rod.

Flies or popping bugs, cast from the brushy shore, are almost certain to bring a three- or four-pounder thrashing to the surface. Eight-pound bigmouths are sometimes taken from these waters, and the fisherman who carries along a shotgun has a better than even chance of jumping a duck or two along the way.

OREGON INLET

Just south of Nags Head is the beginning of America's first **NATIONAL SEASHORE RECREATION AREA,** a vast public playground rich in waterfowl, channel bass, speckled trout and diminutive deer. Its 30,000 acres of golden beaches and violent seas stretch 70 miles from **WHALEBONE JUNCTION** (*see map*) to Ocracoke. The entire area has been set aside by the **NATIONAL PARK SERVICE'S MISSION 66** for the recreation of every American, preserved and

WHAT TO TAKE TO THE OUTER BANKS

HATTERAS LIGHT IS TALLEST IN U.S.

FOR SHOOTING, a shotgun is the only firearm necessary. Doubles weather sand and salt better than pumps or automatics. Shells in other than 12-gauge are hard to buy, so stock up in Norfolk, and don't forget gun-cleaning equipment, a waterproof shell case and artificial calls.

FOR FISHING, all kinds of gear can be purchased on the Banks. Spoons, popping bugs and bucktails on spinning or fly rods are popular for black and striped bass. For channel bass, local experts favor an 11-foot surf-casting rod, 18- to 24-inch leader, 36-pound line and a fish-finder rig baited with salt mullet.

FOR COMFORT, bring along casual clothes as well as hip boots or waders, foul-weather gear, insulated underwear, a couple of extra sweaters and insect repellent to ward off the bugs.

FOR TRAVEL, be sure cars are in good condition because garages are few and far between. Hose undersides regularly with fresh water to prevent salt-corrosion damage to mufflers, brake linings and master cylinders. A light coat of oil on chrome finishes helps impede rust. For small travel, beach buggies can be rented for $3.50 an hour, $15 a day, $75 a week.

protected in its wild, natural state from purchase or development by private individuals.

At the northern end of the park, the **BODIE ISLAND LIGHT** stands above **OREGON INLET,** a turbulent, unpredictable channel which separates **HATTERAS ISLAND** from the upper Banks. In summer, Oregon Inlet is the headquarters of hundreds of fishing boats. In early September, when hurricanes threaten the Atlantic Coast and rumble along the Outer Banks, most of the little boats move south to more hospitable waters.

But the automobile ferry remains, carrying its cargo of travelers back and forth across the swirling waters. The 20-minute run, which is free, operates every half hour during daylight. When there is a strong wind blowing and whitecaps splash over the deck, the crossing is an adventure in itself. Actually, the ferry is a sturdy craft, manned by an equally sturdy crew, and rarely does it miss a crossing because of bad weather. There have been times, however, when its passengers wished it had.

On the other side of the inlet, on a barren, wind-swept beach, is the **PEA ISLAND WILDLIFE REFUGE.** Years ago its field headquarters was one of 25 Coast Guard stations which manned the Outer Banks. Today most of the stations have been abandoned for radar and advanced electronic devices, and the Pea Island Refuge is a wintering ground for more than 50,000 waterfowl, including some 12,000 snow geese.

Natives of the area tell an interesting story about the snow geese. Each year, on the 11th of November, they come to Pea Island, flying in by the thousands in great white clouds. Here they remain, protected from hunters, predators, freezing temperatures and starvation until the 5th of January. Then, together as they arrived, they lift off the waters and return to the north. According to legend, they never vary the dates. Nobody has ever figured out why.

HATTERAS ISLAND

Most of the activity – and there is plenty of it – on Hatteras Island begins 40 miles south of Oregon Inlet at the cape. The drive from the ferry is long and lonely, and the road is often washed over by high tides. The main village along the way is **RODANTHE,** 12 miles south of the inlet. Here there is a hotel, a motel and a gas station.

Approaching the cape by car, a candy-striped tower may be seen rising above the seemingly endless sand dunes. This is **HATTERAS LIGHT,** the tallest brick lighthouse in America. For generations it has warned mariners of **DIAMOND SHOALS,** the "graveyard of the Atlantic," where so many metal wrecks lie buried in the quicksands that compasses are deflected by as much as 8°.

There are four main settlements surrounding Hatteras Light. Two of the villages, **AVON** and **BUXTON,** have a combined population of 1,000; **FRISCO,** to the south of the cape, has 100 inhabitants; on the very tip of the island, the largest village, **HATTERAS,** has a population of 700.

All of the towns have overnight accommodations; and motels, unknown to the lower Banks five years ago, are now scattered all around Hatteras Light. At Buxton, **CAPE HATTERAS COURT** has 20 two-bedroom, kitchen-equipped cottages right on the beach, which rent for as little as $50 a week for a group of four. This is a favorite gathering place for fishermen. Besides a new public dock, the Cape Hatteras Court marina rents charter boats (sound fishing, $20; inlet fishing, $35 a half day) and has both skiff rental and guide service for inshore fishing.

Within a 15-minute drive of Hatteras Light there are three exceptional kinds of sport – surf fishing, waterfowl shooting and deep-sea angling. Of these, the one that draws the most people this time of year is surf fishing, which, at Hatteras, means channel bass.

When the runs are on, when great 40- and 50-pound red drum roll in with the surf, everybody fishes at Hatteras. Men, women and children stand knee-deep in swirling water, casting pieces of salt mullet into churning sloughs formed by sand bars offshore.

Sometimes they fish at **THE POINT,** south of Hatteras Light, where the ocean's currents rush in from two directions, exploding in a shower of spume and spray. They come in the early morning to stand in the turbulent tides silent, because there is a quietness about this time of day. On the wet sands hundreds of small shore birds hobble on stiff legs after the retreating tides, plunging quick beaks into the edges of the froth. A flock of ducks moves overhead. Gulls and pelicans hover above the boiling surf, then one by one they dive headfirst into the water. Their action means the bait fish have arrived. Behind them will come the channel bass.

Suddenly a line will go tight. "He's fast," somebody shouts. Clumsy in waders, a fisherman strains against the curve of his 11-foot rod. Near him, others begin to reel in their lines. Another goes tight. Then another. Small groups form around the men who are fighting their fish. The battle may be 10 minutes, or 20, or an hour. It is always powerful and exhausting. And at the end there is a moment of triumph. Around the big fish, its sides brilliant in the morning light, the group will stand – respectful. For this is the champion of Hatteras.

It will be placed in a beach buggy and shown through the town. At Rany Jeanette's Esso Station in Buxton it will be officially weighed. Then it will be put alongside others in a huge freezing closet, later to be filleted and eaten. Oddly, a Hatteras channel bass tastes very little like fish and very much like roast pork.

All up and down the shore similar catches will be pulled in from the **FIRST**

continued

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AND SECOND CUTOUTS (*see map*) at Avon, the OLD CLUBHOUSE north of Hatteras Light, the CONCRETE STRIP south of Frisco and the INLET at Hatteras. These are the names of the five sloughs which are part of every autumn conversation. The old experts like Captain Bernice Ballance of Buxton; his daughter Amelia, who took the women's world record last year, Ormond Fuller of Buxton and Gardner Marsh of Nantucket; Walt Weber and Dick Waller of Baltimore fish these sloughs each season. And where they are, the fish usually are.

The visitor can only toss a coin and hope he chooses the right slough on the right day. But if, when he arrives on the beach, he finds the pros already there, he'll be wise to waste no time in putting his line into the swirling water. When red drum decide to hit, they hit everywhere at once.

PAMLICO SOUND

Wildfowl shooting on PAMLICO SOUND, off the southern tip of Hatteras Island, is, if anything, even more impressive than the fishing. But since the seasons coincide and the natives almost all prefer fishing, it is practically impossible to find a willing hunting guide. E. P. White is a rare exception. Although his daughter, Ormond Fuller, is one of Hatteras' most avid anglers, White's interests are strictly waterfowl.

In a channel behind his home at Buxton, White moors a motor scow laden with more than a hundred decoys. For $40 a day for two hunters he makes available his boat, decoys and one of the most ideal shooting blinds to be found anywhere on the Outer Banks. The blind – it is the only one in a stretch of 30 miles of bird-blanketed water—has a four-foot-square concrete foundation which is permanently anchored in the sands of Pamlico Sound five miles offshore. An adjustable wood and canvas frame attached to the concrete enables the hunter to keep the top of the blind exactly level with the rising and falling tides.

White is a man who doesn't believe in getting up early. As a result, the waterfowler new to Pamlico will be surprised to learn that departure time is generally scheduled for about 7:30 a.m., an hour most duck hunters are finishing up a morning's shoot. White is also a man who believes in comfort, another violation of the code of waterfowlers. Every good duck shooter knows that a hunt is not successful unless ice forms on his gun, his waders leak freezing water, his feet go numb, his matches get wet, his fingers lose mobility and his shells fall into the water and swell beyond use. These things never happen to E. P. White.

What his scow lacks in grace and beauty it more than makes up for in comfort. Its cabin is equipped with a pot-bellied stove, a complete store of groceries, a small bar and all the gadgets of fancier craft. If the hunter chooses, he can wait in the boat, as White does, while his assistant, Harlon Willis, adjusts the blind, empties it of water and sets out 65 geese, 35 brant and 40 duck decoys.

Once the hunters are settled, White and his boat move off to a small bungalow which perches on stilts in the sound a mile away. This, too, is designed for comfort, complete with lavatory, living room with roll-away beds for afternoon napping and another well-stocked kitchen. From here White watches his clients through glasses.

Amazingly enough, this country-gentleman approach to hunting succeeds very well. Often birds begin winging into the rig before the boat is out of sight. All in the span of a half hour, a flock of geese may come in low along the water, black ducks will skim over the top of the blind, and a dozen brant will glide directly into the rig. In the beginning the uninitiated hunter can only watch, fascinated by his duck's-eye view through the bobbing decoys (*see cover*). But swiftly this fascination will be replaced by action.

White makes only one concession to traditional discomfort. When the shooting is over, the hunter must climb over the blind wall and wade to the fallen waterfowl, for on Pamlico Sound every man is his own retriever.

At noon, White's boat chugs back to the blind to pick up the hunters for lunch. In the little bungalow on stilts, hot coffee and a steaming caldron of mulligan stew bubble in the kitchen. Willis generally stays in the blind to do a little shooting of his own while the hunters dine. When they return, he'll have his limit.

THE GULF STREAM

South of Buxton, at HATTERAS VILLAGE, is the BLUE MARLIN DOCK, only an hour away by cruiser from the warm GULF STREAM. By mid-October the threat of hurricanes in the area is over. This is the time of year when big fish—virtually undisturbed by fishermen—swim along the current's edge and marlin fin in the autumn sun.

It is interesting that so few deep-sea anglers come to Hatteras. Even in summer their numbers are small. Local fishermen, like Edgar Styron, who runs the Blue Marlin and has fished the nearby waters professionally for more than 20 years, are surprised that their rich fishing grounds remain so unexplored; but, in their independent way, they are also rather pleased that they have the place to themselves.

Only eight charter boats docked at Hatteras Inlet this past season, and except for Styron's two cruisers, *The Twins* and *The Twins II*, most will have abandoned big-game angling by early October. In spite of the few fishermen trolling the Stream, 53 blue marlin and 22 white marlin have been taken off Hatteras

continued

"Gramercy 17"—17" overall diagonal measurement—155 sq. inches of picture area.

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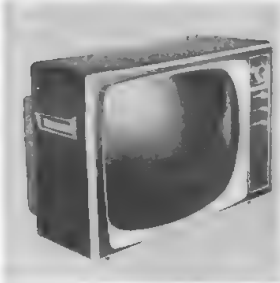

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Inlet this year. This compares with 26 blues and 111 whites taken off heavily fished Oregon Inlet in the same period.

During the month of November, Styron figures that there are at least 15 good days in which seas are calm enough to make the hour's run to the fishing grounds. And because the Stream is so close to Hatteras, there is that much more time for angling. But Styron's $75 daily charter does not guarantee catching marlin in November, any more than it does in summer. It does guarantee catching game fish, because fish are here, and plentiful, at all times of year.

If a marlin doesn't take the bait, there is always the chance that a kingfish, albacore, bonito, amberjack, yellowfin or 30-pound school tuna will. These fish are taken regularly throughout the fall months. More than once, Styron has even hooked a dolphin and an occasional sail. Besides game fish, it is an unusual day when a shark doesn't fin across the wake of a skipping mullet. For many fishermen, the battle which can follow is every bit as exciting as any with a marlin.

Few sharks, however, are brought to gaff because a hooked shark has a habit of doubling back and cutting the line, much to the satisfaction of the mate who may be heard muttering to himself: "Too bad, but them big ones sure can mess up a boat."

OCRACOKE

Down the road from the Blue Marlin Dock, the **HATTERAS INLET FERRY** pulls out four times a day for the quaint little island of **OCRACOKE.** Until a year ago, there was no road along the 16-mile strip of sand, and beach-buggy jeeps were the chief means of reaching **OCRACOKE VILLAGE** at the southern tip of the island. Today the drive from Hatteras Inlet to the village can be made in under a half hour, and the visitor may even encounter another car along the way.

The northern half of Ocracoke is a flat, unprotected desert where, in stormy weather, the ocean sweeps across the island and into the sound. Farther south, where sand dunes form a wall against the ocean, vegetation covers the shore and thickens into a small jungle at the tip of the island. Eleven different kinds of pines grow among water oaks, wax myrtles, yaupons, oleanders, fig trees, ivy and philodendron. The most northerly palm tree on the Atlantic Coast grows here, standing alone before the Ocracoke Village home of Floyd Styron. Nobody really knows its origin, but any native will be happy to give the visitor his theory. It will more than likely involve pirates and plunder because pirates are an integral part of the history of Ocracoke.

Such notorious figures as Ann Bonney, Mary Read, Calico Jack Rackam, Charles Vane, Joe Lawson and Big Jim Braham are all reported to have plied the harbors and coves of Ocracoke at one time or another. But Ocracoke's favorite pirate is Blackbeard, who, according to local legend, gave the island its name during his disastrous last encounter with the British navy. Trapped by darkness and treacherous tides, he is reported to have paced the deck invoking a speedy coming of dawn and escape —with shouts of "Oh crow, cock! Oh crow, cock!" When the cock did crow, his cheerful call proved a death knell for Blackbeard.

That the island more likely was called Ocracoke after the Woccos Indians years before Blackbeard was born doesn't bother the natives very much. They like their legend better.

Nor do they pay much attention to outside civilization in general. The inhabitants of Ocracoke Village are an independent people, content to live peacefully with the sea. In their little island world there are no policemen, jails, hospitals, doctors, dentists, lawyers, drugstores, banks, funeral homes, brick buildings or bookstores. George Guthrie Jackson sometimes cuts hair if he's not doing anything else. Kermit Robinson knows how to fix cars and marine motors.

When somebody dies in Ocracoke, expenses are paid from a community fund and the deceased is usually buried the same day (there are no undertakers) in his own yard. Almost every home has a tiny cemetery within its picket fence, and all the homes are fenced. This is not to keep people out, because there is no crime in Ocracoke, but to protect property from wild horses which roam freely about the island.

The horses have been there for as long as anyone remembers. Legend claims that they are descended from Arabian steeds which made their way ashore after the vessel carrying them was sunk —by pirates, of course. Every Fourth of July Ocracokers take part in a great village celebration during which the horses are rounded up from all the far reaches of the island and corralled briefly so yearlings may be branded. But at any time of year it is not uncommon for a visitor fishing a lonely stretch of beach to come upon a wandering horse foraging on the shore.

Along Ocracoke, there is excellent channel bass fishing in a number of sloughs. Charlie Williams, C. F. Boyette of the **WAHAB VILLAGE INN,** and Jake Alligood, who rents jeeps with drivers at $3 an hour, all cater to sportsmen and are happy to show visitors the best spots for the big ones. They are not an optimistic crew, however, and the visitor should be prepared for dire predictions about the unsuitability of the day for fishing.

On Ocracoke, there are four reasons why the fishing will not be good, and guides always volunteer at least one of them: 1) the wind isn't right; 2) the tide isn't right; 3) the water is too hot or too cold; or 4) the weather is too hot or too cold. On the rare occasions when not even

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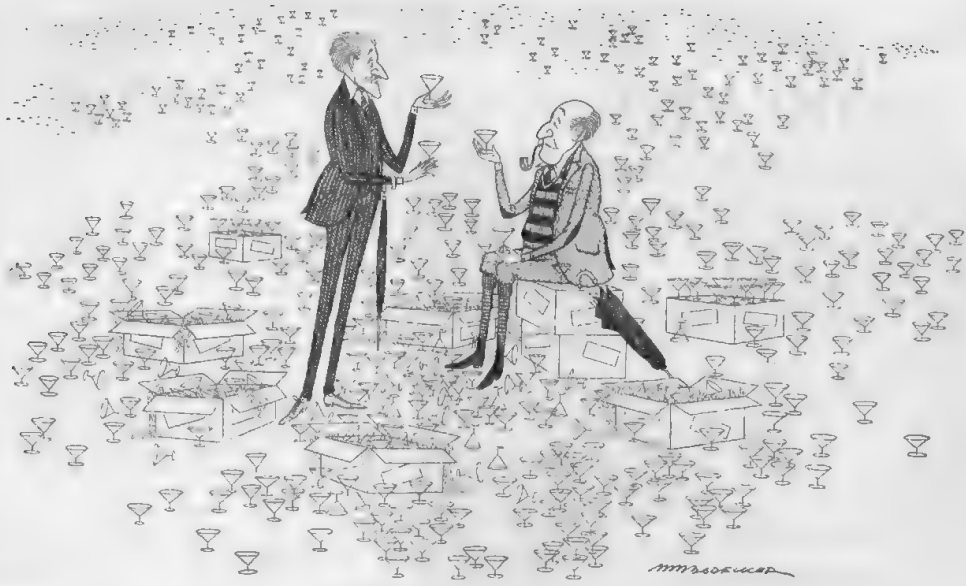

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We are the distillers of Lamplighter, a rather costly English Gin. Until recently, our lives were quiet and uncomplicated. Then, much against the wishes of our fellow countrymen, we decided to ship our product to America. And so our troubles began.

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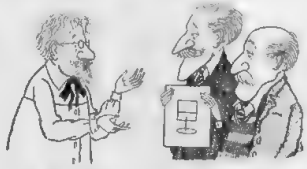
Our first step was to engage the services of an American advertising agency. "Yours is an unmistakably superior product," they said. "As dry as you can buy. But to sell it in America, you need a symbol . . . something that people will remember. How about a square martini glass?"

The Search Begins

The brilliance of this suggestion was immediately apparent to us. It seemed like a simple matter to go out and order ten thousand square martini glasses. The trouble was, how the devil do you drink Lamplighter from a square glass? "Aha!" said a famous American glassmaker. "We must round the inside edges!" But alas, the inside edges were not roundable. We met with the same problem wherever we turned.

Back to Britain

Surely British glassmakers would come to our aid. After penetrating their initial resentment over Britain's best gin being shipped to America, we convinced them to have a go at it. We experienced a moment of minor panic when they, too, failed to execute.



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one of these conditions applies, a fifth, and equally dire prospect is certain to be presented: porpoises — either they are there or they are not.

But in spite of the seeming hopelessness of even starting out to fish on Ocracoke, the fishing is surprisingly good throughout the fall. Hunting guides are less pessimistic about their sport. They can afford to be, since the shooting in Pamlico Sound off Ocracoke is as good as it is off Hatteras. Like all Ocracokers, however, the guides more often than not temper their enthusiasms with silence.

In this part of the sound stake blinds are used exclusively because of rough waters and high tides. Charlie Garrish Jr., who has four blinds six miles north of the village, is a handsome, red-headed ex-sailor who, for $25 a day, provides blinds, decoys and transportation. From his set-up there is great shooting for black brant, geese, pintails, redheads, widgeons and blacks.

Since there are still very few visitors to Ocracoke, finding a free blind is rarely a problem. Charlie Garrish estimates that he is booked less than one-third of the 60-day waterfowl season, and other guides on the island are similarly available. With the new road, however, they expect more hunters to discover Ocracoke's wonderful hunting in the next few years. But this season the November visitor can be certain that he'll find not only uncountable numbers of birds but virtually no hunting pressure at all.

He'll also find excellent accommodations at the **SILVERLAKE HOTEL** overlooking Ocracoke harbor. Around the water's horseshoe shore, tiny white-painted docks handle the dozens of commercial fishing boats which come in each day laden with fatbacks and local oysters. At 4 each afternoon the mail boat arrives from the city of **ATLANTIC** on the mainland. Until the road was built this was the only contact Ocracoke had with the outside world, and the boat's arrival each day became part of the tradition of the island. Today it is still an important, and eagerly anticipated, event.

Sometimes visitors arrive on the mail boat, and they are closely scrutinized by everyone. Ocracokers are singularly unimpressed by clothes, position or wealth. According to one islander, if President Eisenhower were to arrive on the mail boat some afternoon, the first man to recognize him would walk calmly to the rail, extend his hand and say, in the island brogue that persists from the days of the first Colonial settlers: "Hellow, Oike, noice you could come."

This quality of simplicity is a part not only of Ocracoke but of all the Outer Banks. Airplanes and automobiles may some day change it, as they have the mainland across the bay, but this year, and particularly this autumn, the Outer Banks belongs to the sportsman. **END**

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ILLINOIS

Goldblatt Bros.	333 S. State St., Chicago
Allen Radio & Appliance Co.	4027 Lincoln Ave., Chicago
Hudson Ross, Inc.	2243-59 W. Harrison St., Chicago
Polk Bros.	Polk City 2850 N. Central Ave., Chicago
Central Utilities	3304 S. Grove Ave., Berwyn
Ton Television	4101 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago
Harver Home Furn. Co.	440 N. Wells, Chicago
G. I. Television	7185 W. Grand Ave., Chicago
Tonson Radio	3302 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago
Star Sales Of Cicero	5703 W. Cermak Rd., Cicero
Petti Bros.	874 Green Bay Rd., Hubbard Woods
Radio Surgeons	7720 Stony Island Ave., Chicago
Rak's Radio	5142 W. Fullerton St., Chicago
Kronquist Bros.	6730 W. Cermak Rd., Berwyn
Voss Radio	3008 S. Laramie, Cicero
Suburban Modernage	7000 W. Cermak Rd., Berwyn
Arbet's Inc.	2442 W. 47th St., Chicago
Mitchell Radio & Appliance	Rockford
Wilson Electric	Rockford
Bacon & Deeving TV Lab.	Rock Island

INDIANA

Guarantee Auto Supply Stores	Indianapolis
Huggins Appliances	Indianapolis
Lane Radio Stores	Indianapolis
National Furniture Co.	Indianapolis
Rose Tire Store	Indianapolis & Whiteland
Sutton Sales	Indianapolis

IOWA

Wilson TV & Appliance	Davenport
Muscatine Appliance	Muscatine
Standard Aopliance Co.	Cedar Rapids
Smulekoff's	Cedar Rapids
Pidgeons Stores	Des Moines

MICHIGAN

Bannan's TV and Appliance	2513 Genesee, Saginaw
Brose Electric	Detroit
C & V Television	Pontiac
Crowley Milner Co	Detroit
Dell's Flint Appliance	1927 Lewis St., Flint
Famous Furniture	Detroit
Gateley's	120 S. Franklin, Saginaw
Godwin	6145 State St., Saginaw
Gracenwn Appliance	5905 N. Saginaw St., Flint
Greenley's Inc	G-4030 S. Saginaw St., Flint
Greenley's Inc.	1101 N. Saginaw St., Flint
Greenley's Inc	6204 N. Saginaw St., Flint
Greenley's Inc	2624 S. Saginaw St., Flint
Greenley's Inc	2919 Corunna, Flint
Stan Marengo Appliance	Port Huron
Modern Home Appliance	415 Washington Ave., Bay City
Otta Grunewald & Son Furn.	Detroit
Ned's Auto Supply	Detroit & Suburbs
Northern Television	Royal Oak
Palmer's	927 N. Saginaw St., Flint
Saginaw Exchange	4960 Gratiot, Saginaw
Tondryk's Appliance	Detroit
Visual Electronics	Detroit
Wenzel Hardware	250 W. Main St., Midland

MINNESOTA

Credit Sales Co.	22 E. Superior St., Duluth
Gateley's	123 W. Superior St., Duluth
Ed's Radio	Alexandria
Nelson Tire & Appliance	Rochester
Elmer N. Olson Co	500 11th St., Minneapolis
R & C Appliance	Mankato
Zephyr Appliance	3110 N. Emerson Ave., Minneapolis
Butwinick's Bros.	224 E. 7th St., St. Paul
B & B Electric	Winona
Boutell's	Minneapolis
Donaldson's	Minneapolis
Jim A. Karusis	Minneapolis

MISSOURI

B-K Furniture Co.	St. Louis
Biederman Furniture Co.	St. Louis
Bigalte Electric	St. Louis
Famous-Barr Co.	St. Louis
Jones & Davis	St. Louis
Newberry Radio Co.	St. Louis
Rothman Stores Inc.	St. Louis
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney	St. Louis
Stix-Baer & Fuller	St. Louis

OHIO

Tredtke's Annex	401 Summit Street, Toledo
Westwood Appliance	125 N. Westwood Ave., Toledo
Woodville Appliance	2172 Woodville Rd., Toledo

WISCONSIN

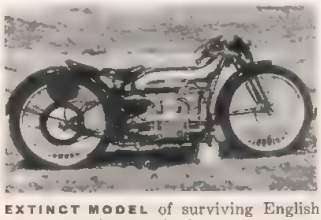
Appliance Mart, Inc.	Oshkosh
Bennett's TV	Fond du Lac
Casey & O'Brien	Madison
H. C. Prange Co.	Green Bay
Samson's	Milwaukee
Wichmann Furniture Co.	Appleton
O & L Appliance	Superior
Community Camera	La Crosse

Antique Motorcycles

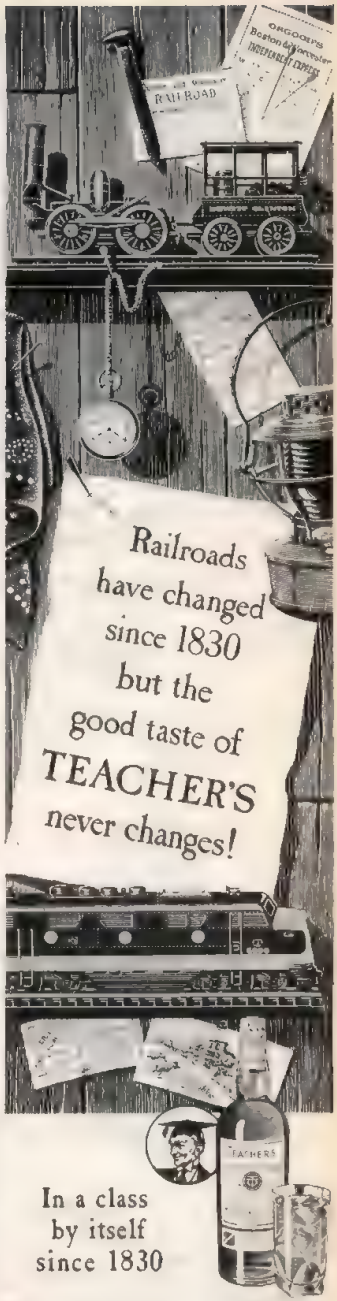
A small but proud band of fans preserves some relics

AS OTHERS before them during this second half-century of the motor age, motorcycle enthusiasts have suddenly awakened to the horrifying thought that the old bikes are fast passing from the scene. To assemble and preserve the remains of the legendary Indians, Scotts and Douglases, a tight little group has banded together in the Antique Motorcycle Club of America. They hold regional meets, exchange hard-to-get parts, share tips on ways to restore the old-timers and ponder glowingly their early history. The ancient Swallow Sidecar, they are proud to point out, was the honorable ancestor of the Jaguar car; the Flexi Sidecar sired Flexible (interstate) Coaches; the Pierce became the fabled Pierce Arrow automobile; and Glenn Curtiss, later to find fame in aviation, began his career turning out motorcycles.

OF RECENT VINTAGE, eagerly sought Rudge Ulster road model is last of line made by the English wheel manufacturers.



EXTINCT MODEL of surviving English make, Douglas was built to compete on Isle of Man, can do 100 miles per hour.



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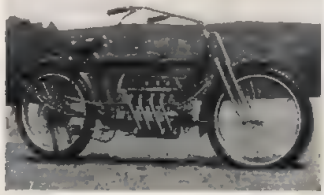
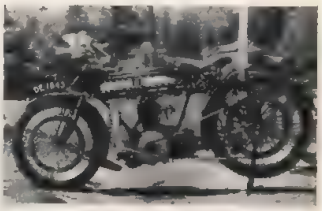
UNUSUAL MACHINE is 1914 water-cooled Scott. Nickel-plated radiator, leather-coated gas tank are set on open frame.

UNRESTORED BIKE, in exceptional condition for its age (circa 1910), was manufactured by future aviator Glenn Curtiss.



SMOOTH PERFORMER, four-cylinder 1909 Pierce Arrow was patiently rebuilt by a leading antiquarian, Henry Wing Sr.



AWKWARD STAND supports 1914 Hodgdon BSA. Belt drive placed machine 10 years behind superb, chain-driven Indian.

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

GOLF: PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

SIRS:

I REQUEST RETRACTION OF GROUNDLESS STATEMENTS AND INNUENDO CONTAINED IN "ON AND OFF THE FAIRWAYS" IN SEPT. 29 ISSUE REGARDING UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON. LET ME QUOTE FROM PRESIDENTIAL ANNUAL ADDRESS TO FACULTY SEPT. 12, 1958: "A YEAR AGO WE ABOLISHED OUR FACULTY COMMITTEE ON EXCEPTIONS TO ADMISSION REQUIREMENTS. IT WAS INTENDED THAT AN EXCEPTION WOULD BE MADE BY THE PRESIDENT ONLY WHEN CONSULTATION REVEALED A GROSS MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE. DURING THIS PAST YEAR APPROXIMATELY 900 COLLEGE STUDENTS NOT IN GOOD STANDING ELSEWHERE SOUGHT BUT WERE DENIED ADMISSION TO THIS UNIVERSITY. I HAVE REJECTED EVERY CASE APPEALED TO ME. . . .

"THIS FACULTY HAS INSTITUTED AND IS EXECUTING A POLICY OF SUCH STRICT GRADING THAT . . . AFTER THE FALL SEMESTER MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF OUR STUDENTS HAD EITHER QUIT VOLUNTARILY, WERE UNDER SUSPENSION FOR A FULL YEAR OR WERE UNDER ACADEMIC PROBATION OR WARNING. . . . WHILE I TAKE NO JOY IN SEEING YOUNG PEOPLE FAIL TO MAKE THE GRADE AND AS AN OLD PROFESSOR I FULLY REALIZE THAT SOME OF THIS PERCENTAGE OF FAILURE MUST BE ATTRIBUTED TO INADEQUATE TEACHING, I STILL KNOW OF ONLY ONE WAY FOR A GREAT FACULTY TO MAKE A GREAT INSTITUTION OF LEARNING AND THAT IS TO INSIST UPON HIGH STANDARDS FOR THEMSELVES AND THEIR STUDENTS. . . . I AM GLAD TO REPORT THAT SINCE I HAVE BEEN HERE I HAVE KNOWN OF NOT ONE VIOLATION OF ATHLETIC CONFERENCE AND NCAA RULES NOR HAVE I HEARD OF ANY REQUESTS FOR ACADEMIC EXCEPTION FOR ANY ATHLETE."

CLANTON W. WILLIAMS
President, University of Houston
Houston

● The University of Houston was established in 1934 as a municipal institution governed by a board of Houston citizens. It was substantially endowed (and substantially influenced) by Houston Oil Millionaire Roy Cullen, rapidly became the second-largest educational institution in Texas. But despite its size and wealth the University of Houston failed for 20 years to receive accreditation from the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Dr. Clanton W. Williams, a nationally known historian of the Air Force and academic administrator, assumed the presidency in 1956 and since then has made rewarding efforts to raise academic standards.—ED.

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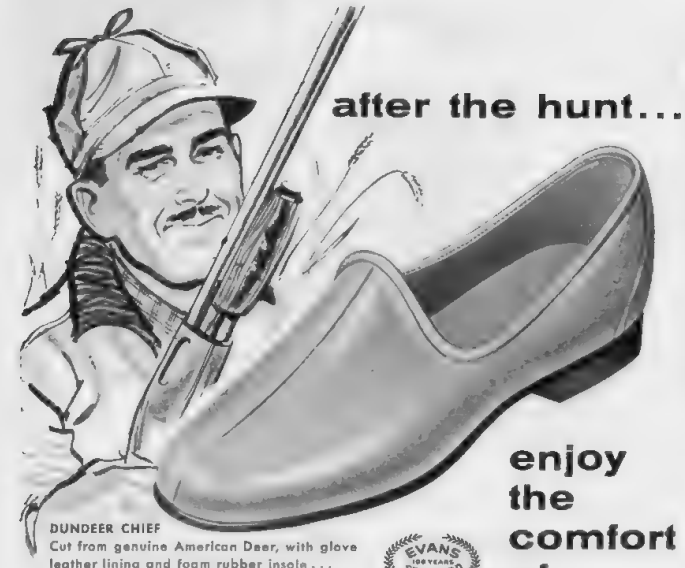

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FOOTBALL ISSUE: CRITICS, YET

Sirs

Why foul up an otherwise stunning Football Issue with a painting (*Pigskin Combat*) that looks like a midnight frolic in an opium den?

WHITNEY CUSHING
East Orleans, Mass.

Sirs:

Can't guess why you should spoil the Football Issue with a double-paged nothing by a Mrs. Saul Steinberg.

She should look as "humorous" as you say this blob is.

PHILIP MANSFIELD SEAMANS
San Diego

Sirs:

You state that the artist's individualism "leads her to deny membership in any [art] school."

Perhaps the art schools denied her membership.

JIM RAGLIN
Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

Please print viewing instructions.

W. HOWARD GRIMES
Cleveland

WOODBURY VS. ROARING SPRING

Sirs:

I have been associated with baseball all my life, but for the first time have become involved in a practical problem that has caused much discussion and controversy. The following is an account of the whole incident as it happened:

Woodbury vs. Roaring Spring at Roaring Spring. Woodbury is at bat in the top half of the first inning. There is one man out with base runners on second and third. The batter lifts a fly ball to short right center field. The runner on third tags up, while the runner on second takes a normal lead for third in case the ball cannot be played. The right fielder, after making a nice run for the ball, overruns it slightly but manages to throw up his gloved hand and knock the ball into the air. At this moment the runner on third breaks for home and the runner on second turns back to return to second, but after returning only a few steps sees the ball bounce from the right fielder's glove and immediately turns and breaks for third without returning to tag up at second. As he does so, the right fielder reaches up with his bare hand and catches the ball for the second out and throws to second to double up the runner on second. During this process, the runner on third scores. But the umpire says the run does not count because of the double play—the catch of the fly ball and the double-up of the runner on second. The Woodbury manager protests the call, contending that the run should count because the run scored before the double play was completed at second base.

The game is completed and Roaring Spring defeats Woodbury 4–2. The protest is filed with the league president and a

meeting of the arbitration board is called to settle the dispute.

The arbitration board meets and upholds the protest, contending that the run should count. So the game is to be replayed. The board also orders play to resume in the last half of the first inning, with Roaring Spring coming to bat and Woodbury leading 1–0. The board further orders that the lineups may be altered in any way, and that although a player who started the protested game does not start the replay, he may enter the replayed game at any time, just as long as each team fields nine men. The game is replayed and Roaring Spring defeats Woodbury 2–1.

Public opinion contends that the fly ball double play is the same as a ground ball double play *if* the runner does not tag up. Therefore the run would not count even if scored before the entire execution of the double play, just as a man cannot score on a double play in the infield; for example, 6–4–3.

It is also felt that if the protest is upheld the game should be played in its entirety, not from the last of the first inning.

Thirdly, public opinion feels that the players who started the original game should start the replay also or not be permitted to enter the game later on. It is felt that this would be the same as a player starting a game, leaving, then reentering later.

I hope I have related this in a way that is clear and understandable.

C. WESLEY LINGENFELTER
Roaring Spring, Pa.

● In the opinion of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball department (which found Mr. Lingenfelter's letter clear and fascinating) the run definitely did count, as the runner was tagged up at the instant the outfielder first touched the ball and he did score before the third out of the inning was made (*Official Baseball Rules*, 6.05 and 4.09). The protest was justified because it involved an umpire's violation of the rules rather than a question of judgment, but the proper procedure in upholding a protest depends upon the league's own rules. Mr. Lingenfelter's league officials may have decided that the game was suspended from the moment of the faulty ruling and that everything that happened thereafter was in the nature of an exhibition. Rule 4.12 (d) reads in part: "A suspended game shall be resumed at the exact point of suspension of the original game. The completion of a suspended game is a continuation of the original game. The lineup and batting order of both teams shall be exactly the same as the lineup and batting order at the moment of suspension, subject to the rules governing substitution." Which leads our baseball desk to the opinion that the players who started in the original game should have started the replay or else not have been permitted to enter the game later on.—ED.

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Pat on the Back

GLENN B. WALKER

'You don't get those things accidentally'

"I am of the opinion," said Glenn Walker the other day to a group of his Anchorage friends, "that if you were to penetrate the real swamp country and find the roughest, wildest, wettest spot, you could get a trophy-size moose." Acting on his conviction Walker flew to a remote part of Alaska's Kenai Peninsula, landed at 6:30 in the morning and began his hike through the Drift River swamps. Nearby rose the greenish-white ridges of a glacier. Walker began to enjoy himself. "In hunting, the scenery gets you as much as anything else; it's half the fun." Two hours later he climbed a spruce and, only a quarter mile away, spotted a large bull moose.

"That's the one," Walker told his companion, and cautiously, up to his knees in water, he circled to within 150 feet and squeezed off a well-placed shot. Within seconds after the moose had toppled, Walker was estimating the antler spread, sure that he had a near-record trophy. But it was not until three days later, after he and his companions lugged the carcass out on their backs, by fishing scow and specially chartered plane, that Walker learned how large his moose really was: the antler spread came to 81 inches, the widest ever measured.

Glenn Walker is a big, jolly 58-year-old bachelor who came to Alaska on a business trip and stayed. An auditor by profession, he is a rabid weekend outdoorsman, hiker, photographer, fisherman and, especially, a hunter of moose, bear, goats, ducks and geese. Right now, with the first fall of snow already on the mountains, Walker is thinking deeply about a Toklat grizzly he saw the other day. "Why, he had hair that stuck out a foot. He'd sure be the most beautiful bear anybody ever got. . . ."

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